FURNATION™
Issue #5
Art and Stories by:
Grimal, Rangarig, Bair, and Kee!
Mature Content. Adults Only!

Table of Contents

Page 01 - Sleepin' In by *Grimal.*
http://www.FurNation.com/Grimal/

Page 15 - Uminhum by *Monika Livingstone.*
http://www.monikalivingstone.com/

Page 16 - The Deal by *Rangarig.*
http://www.FurNation.com/Rangarig/

Page 23 - WolfMagix by *Monika Livingstone.*

Page 24 - Fantastic Desires by *Kee,*
Story by Christopher Bair.

Page 32 - Western Mobility by *Christopher Bair,*
Illustrations by Ken Singshow, Mayra Boyle.

Front Cover Graphics by Ursula Vernon.

Ursula Vernon had a fine artist for a mother and a sculptor for a stepfather, and attempted to rebel and go into social science. She had most of a BA in anthropology before realizing that she could look forward to a future of botflies, dysentery, and grant paperwork, if she was lucky. In a fit of madness, she went into illustration, but got the BA anyway, because you never know when the fate of the known universe is going to hinge on your ability to identify a Homo habilis skull at fifty paces.

Six years and a number of day-jobs later, she's a full-time freelance illustrator, and so far, the Homo habilis thing hasn't come up. She paints a lot of things, including anthropomorphic animals, because animals are cool, damnit, particularly the weird and obscure ones, like tapirs and wombats and naked mole rats. She also does a lot of fantasy art and some things that could probably called "surrealist" since "what the *heck* were you thinking?!" is not widely acknowledged as a genre. Her work has appeared in games, on book and magazine covers (like this one ed.), and occasionally much odder places, like the sides of dog-grooming vans and people's biceps. She's painted such peculiar things as slug riders, naked mole rat pin-ups, balloon animal totems, the Wombat Tarot deck (a work in progress) pregnant mandrakes, and Holstein frogs but insists that she's not that weird, damnit, and it all made sense in her head at the time. She also does a webcomic called "Digger" that features a wombat, hyenas, oracular slugs and the god Ganesh.

Ursula's art is primarily digital, with occasional forays into acrylic and watercolor, but digital is her first love. Her tools of the trade include Painter 7, Photoshop, and the trusty Intuos 2 tablet that has weathered coffee, soda, cookie crumbs, and the cat without complaint.

Ursula lives in North Carolina with a wonderful husband, a great deal of unfinished art, and a cat that can be outwitted by grapefruit.

Her website, with prints for sale and commission information, can be seen at www.metalandmagic.com and her online comic, "Digger," is available through the site Graphic Smash at www.graphicsmash.com

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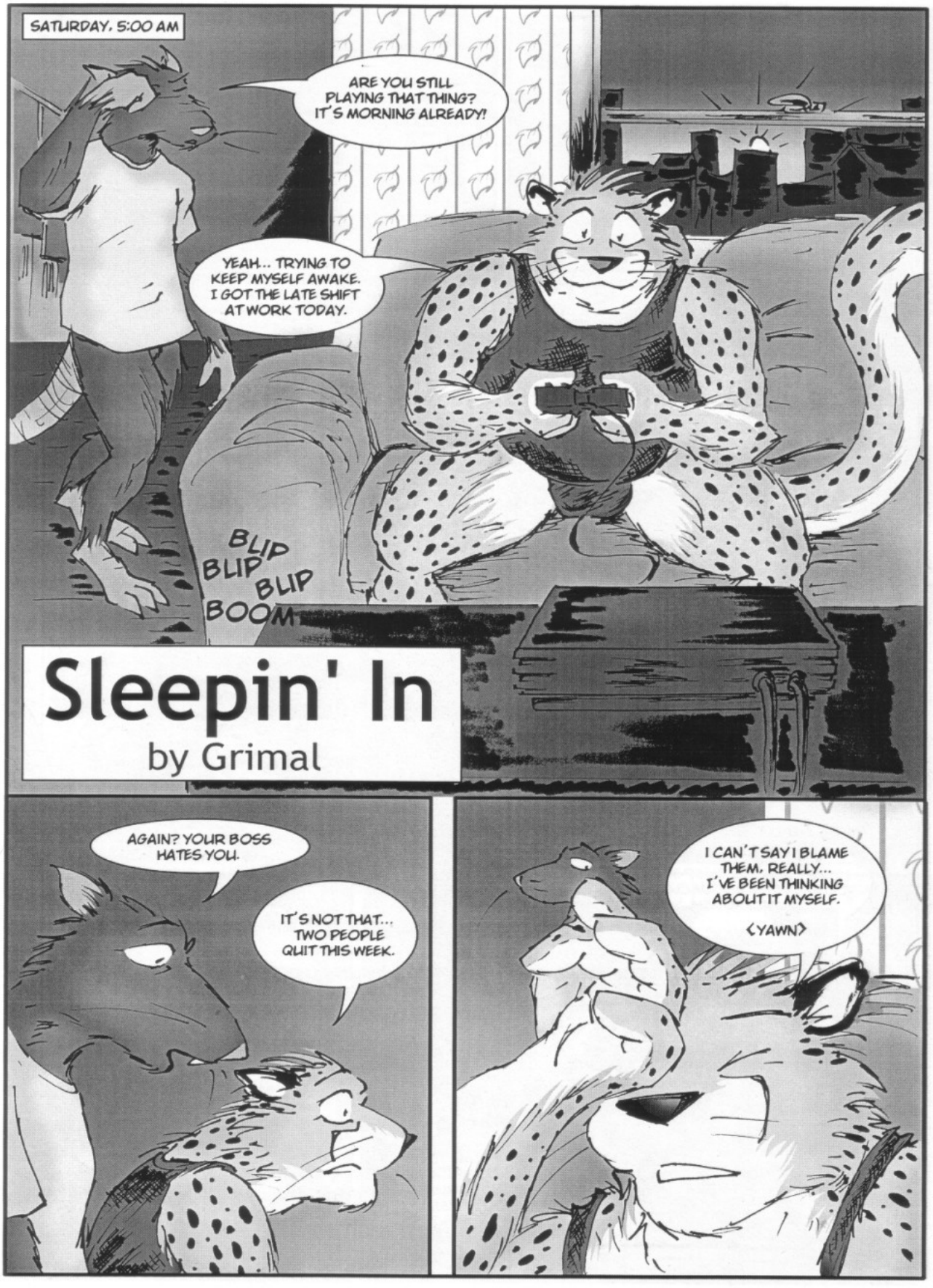
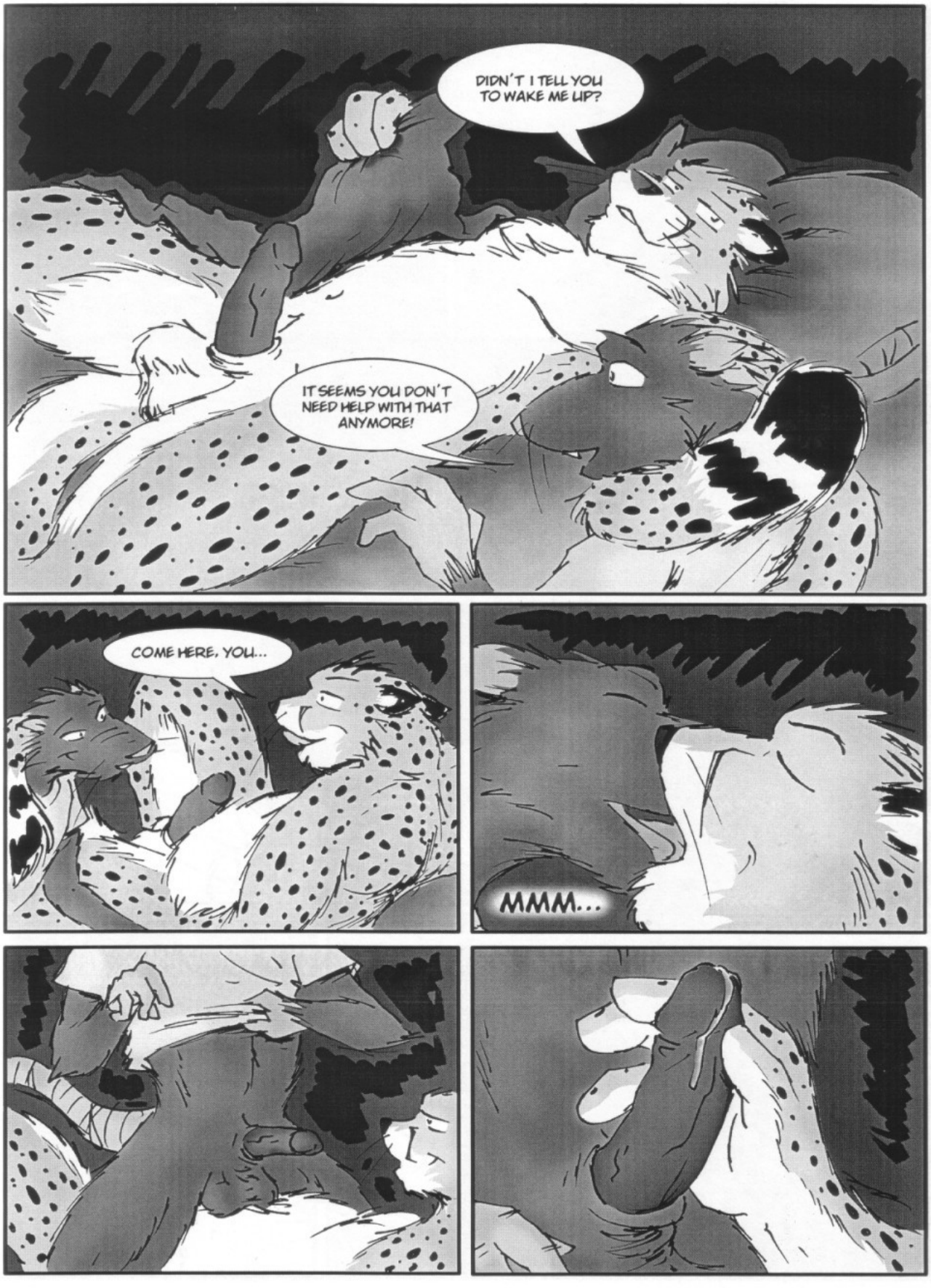
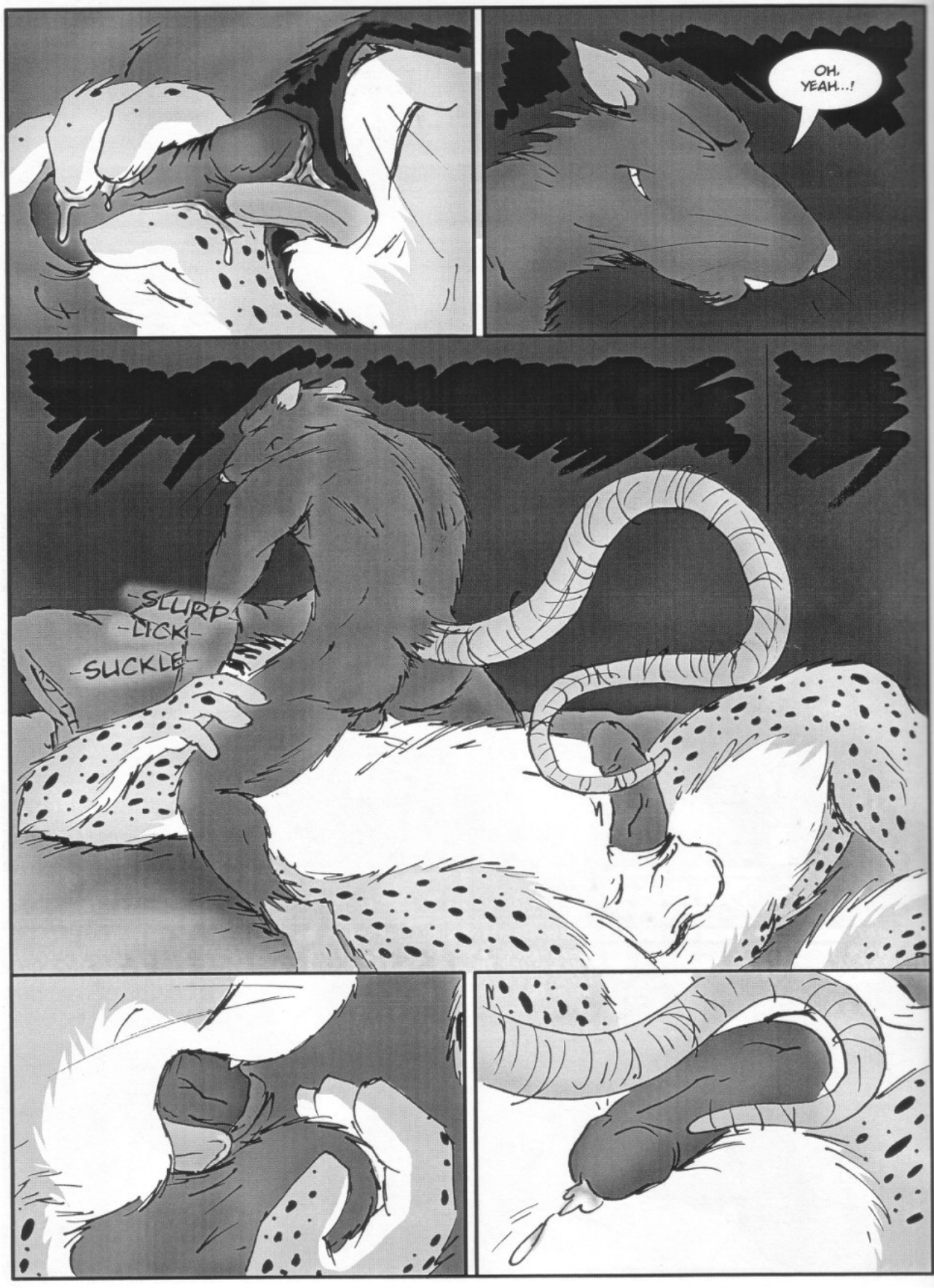

SATURDAY, 5:00 AM
ARE YOU STILL PLAYING THAT THING? IT'S MORNING ALREADY!
YEAH... TRYING TO KEEP MYSELF AWAKE. I GOT THE LATE SHIFT AT WORK TODAY.
BLIP BLIP BLIP BOOM
Sleepin' In
by Grimal
AGAIN? YOUR BOSS HATES YOU.
IT'S NOT THAT... TWO PEOPLE QUIT THIS WEEK.
I CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM, REALLY... I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT MYSELF.
<YAWN>

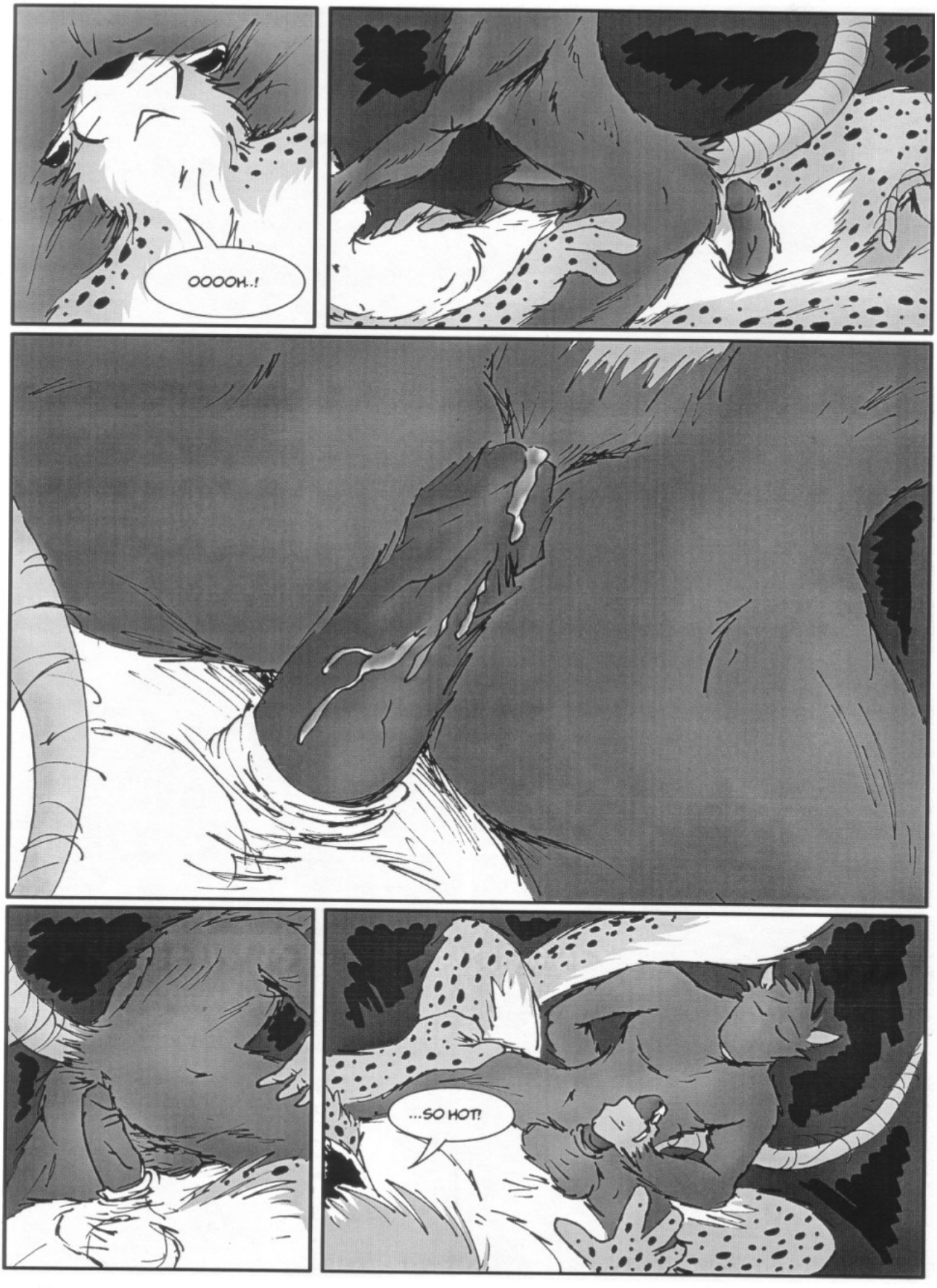
ANYWAY... I'M SLEEPING NOW.
I'VE BEGUN TO MISS YOU. YOU KNOW?
I'M HERE ALL DAY!
BUT I'M AT WORK WHEN YOU ARE... OW!
NIP!
OH, WE'LL BE FINE... YOU KNOW IT'S TEMPORARY ...COULD I ASK YOU A FAVOR?
SURE.
WAKE ME UP AT NOON. I DON'T WANT TO SLEEP IN AND YOU KNOW THE ALARM CLOCK'S NEVER ENOUGH...
OH, I DON'T LIKE TO WAKE YOU UP... YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMPY WHEN YOU WAKE!
NOT THIS TIME, I PROMISE.

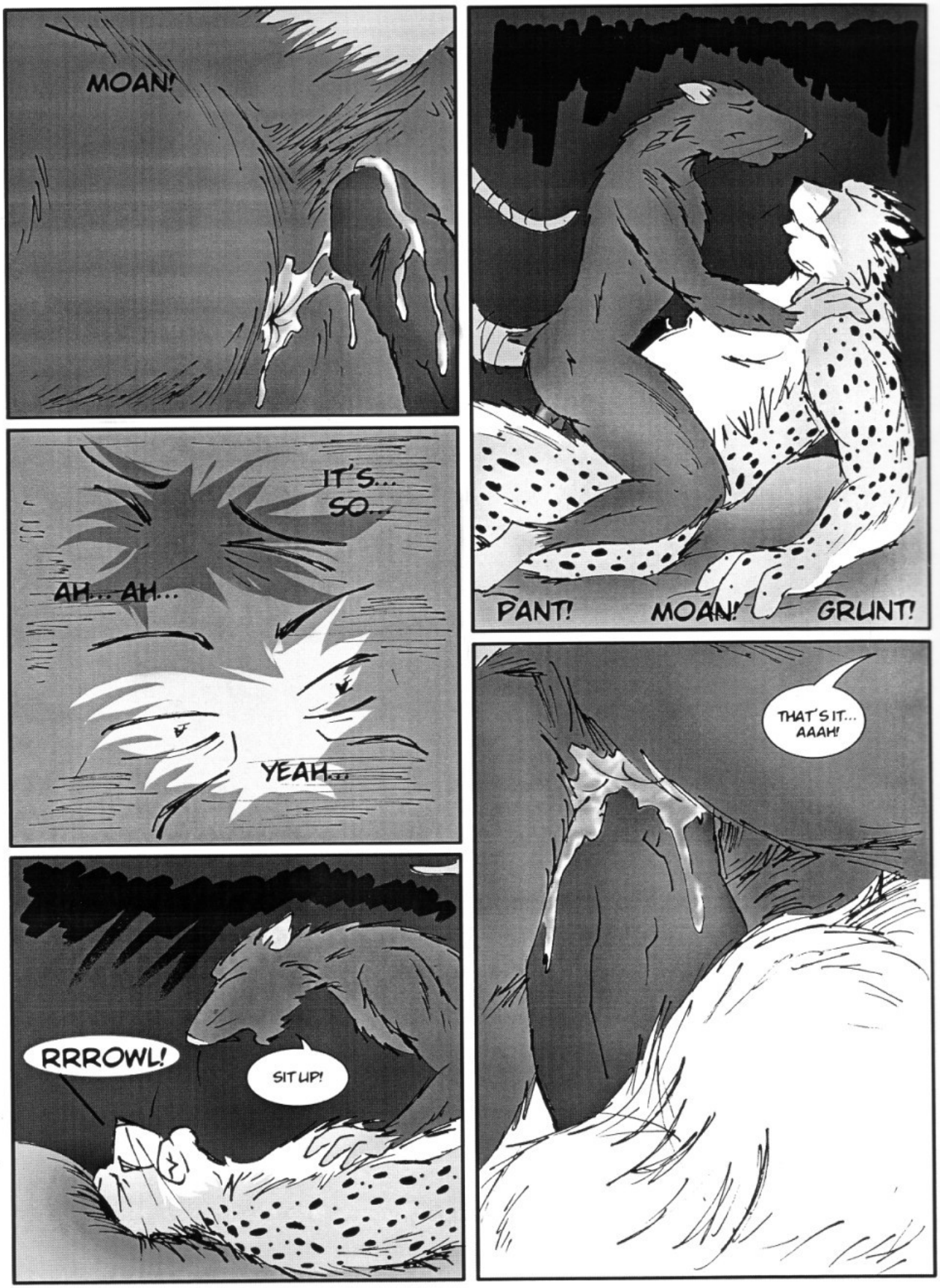
NOON.
CLICK!
HEY DEAR, ARE YOU AWAKE ALREADY?
WHOOMP!
TURN OFF THAT LIGHT!!!
CLICK
OK! OK!
WANT ME TO COME BACK LATER THEN?
...YEAH...
...JUS' 'NOTHR 'OUR...
...
ZZZ...
'KAY...
<GRUMBLE SNORE>
GOD, HE LOOKS HOT WHEN HE'S SLEEPY!

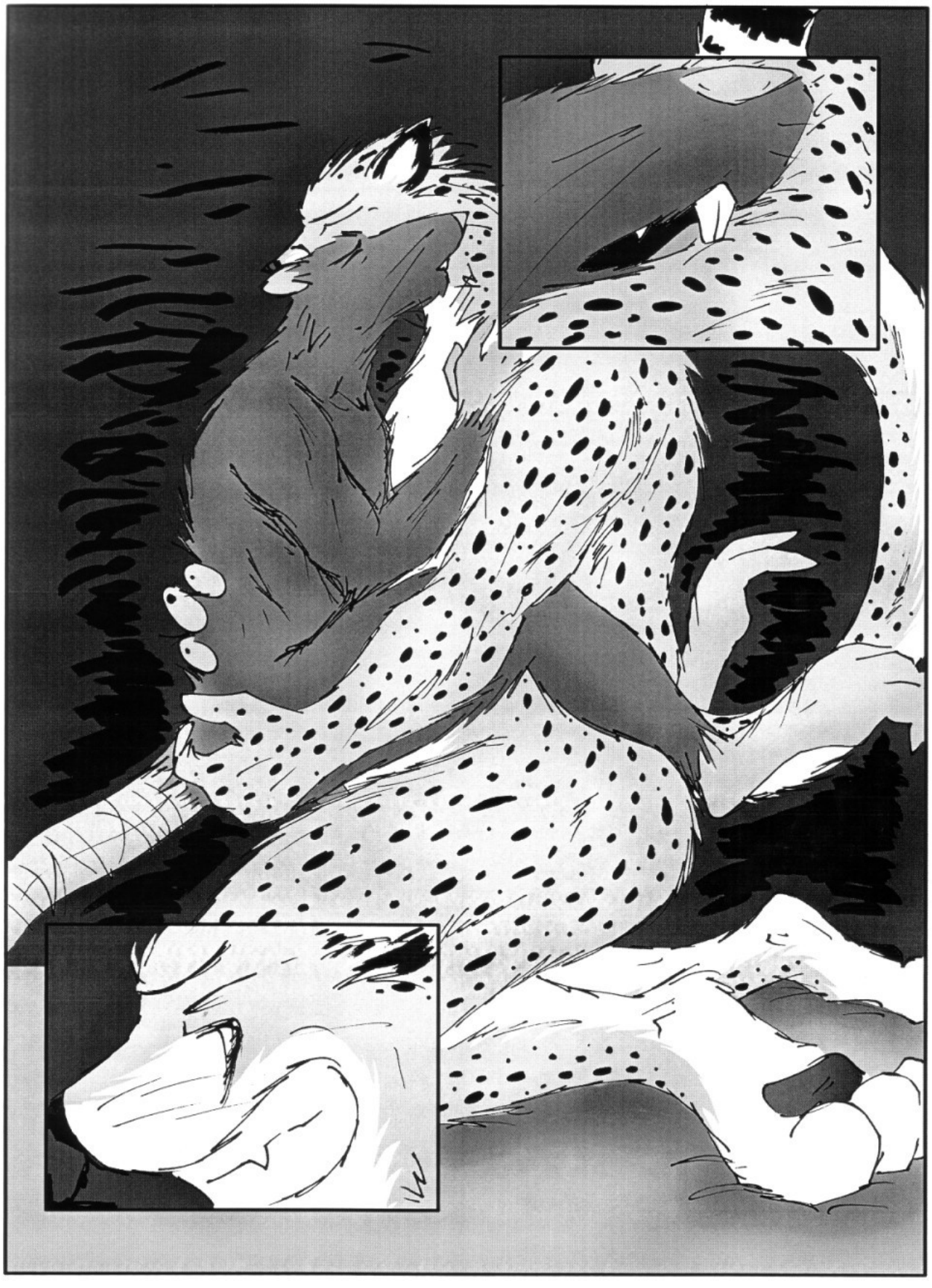
AN HOUR LATER...
I'LL LET HIM SLEEP A LITTLE LONGER...
HE CAN PROBABLY SKIP 'BREAKFAST' AND STILL GET TO WORK ON TIME-
-GHKKK!

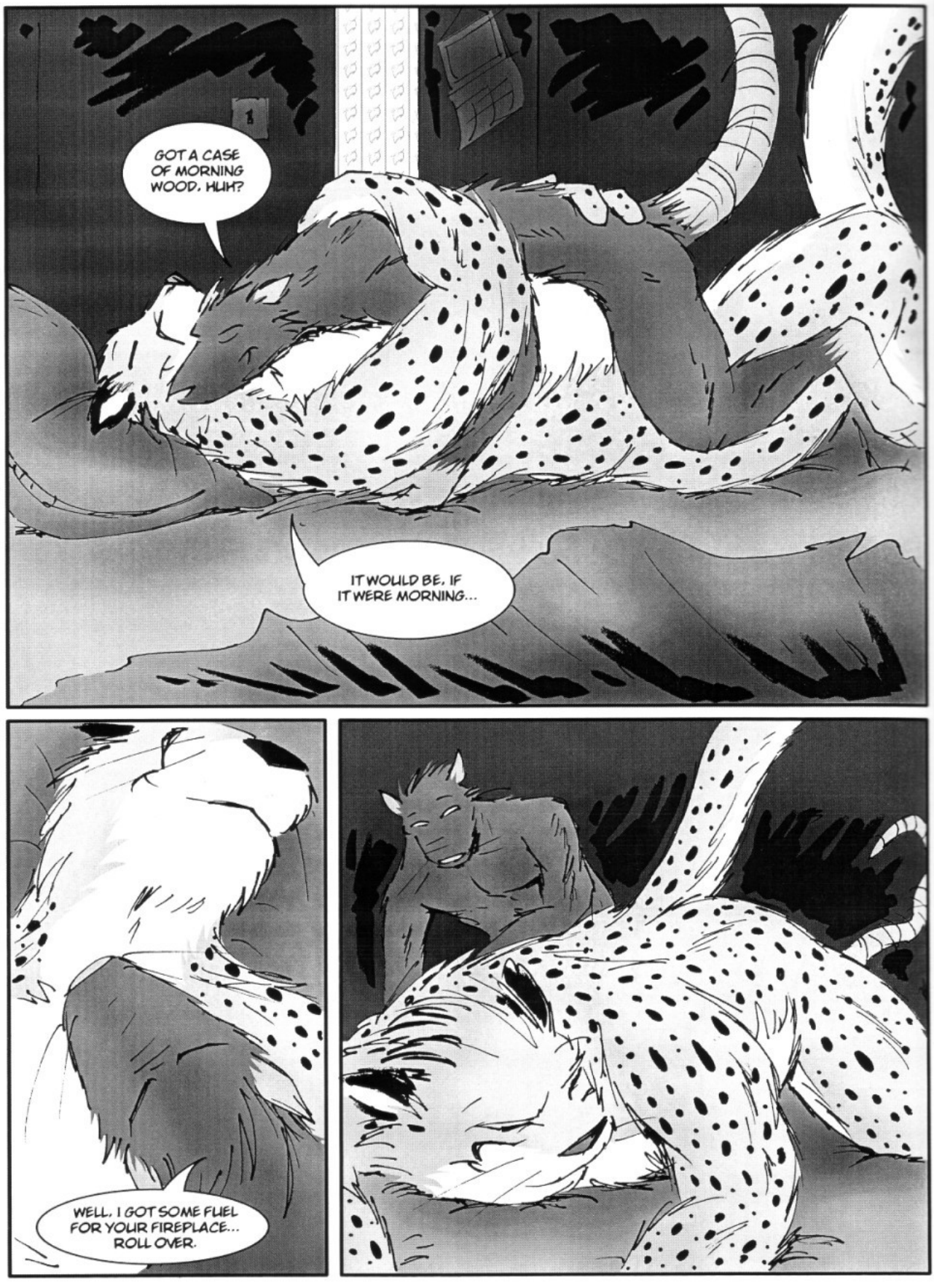

DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO WAKE ME UP?
IT SEEMS YOU DON'T NEED HELP WITH THAT ANYMORE!
COME HERE, YOU...
MMM...

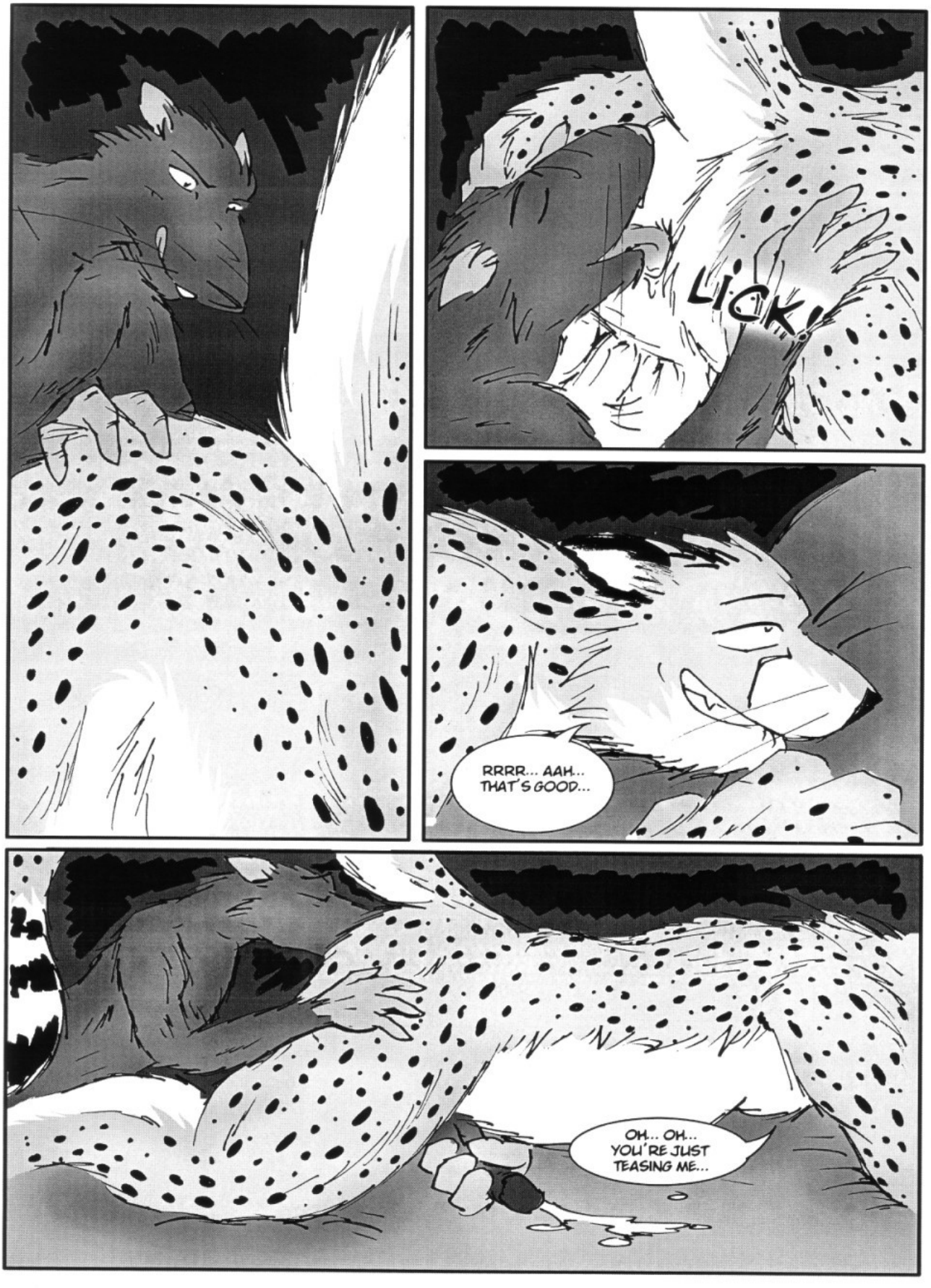

OH, YEAH...!
SLURP
LICK
SUCKLE

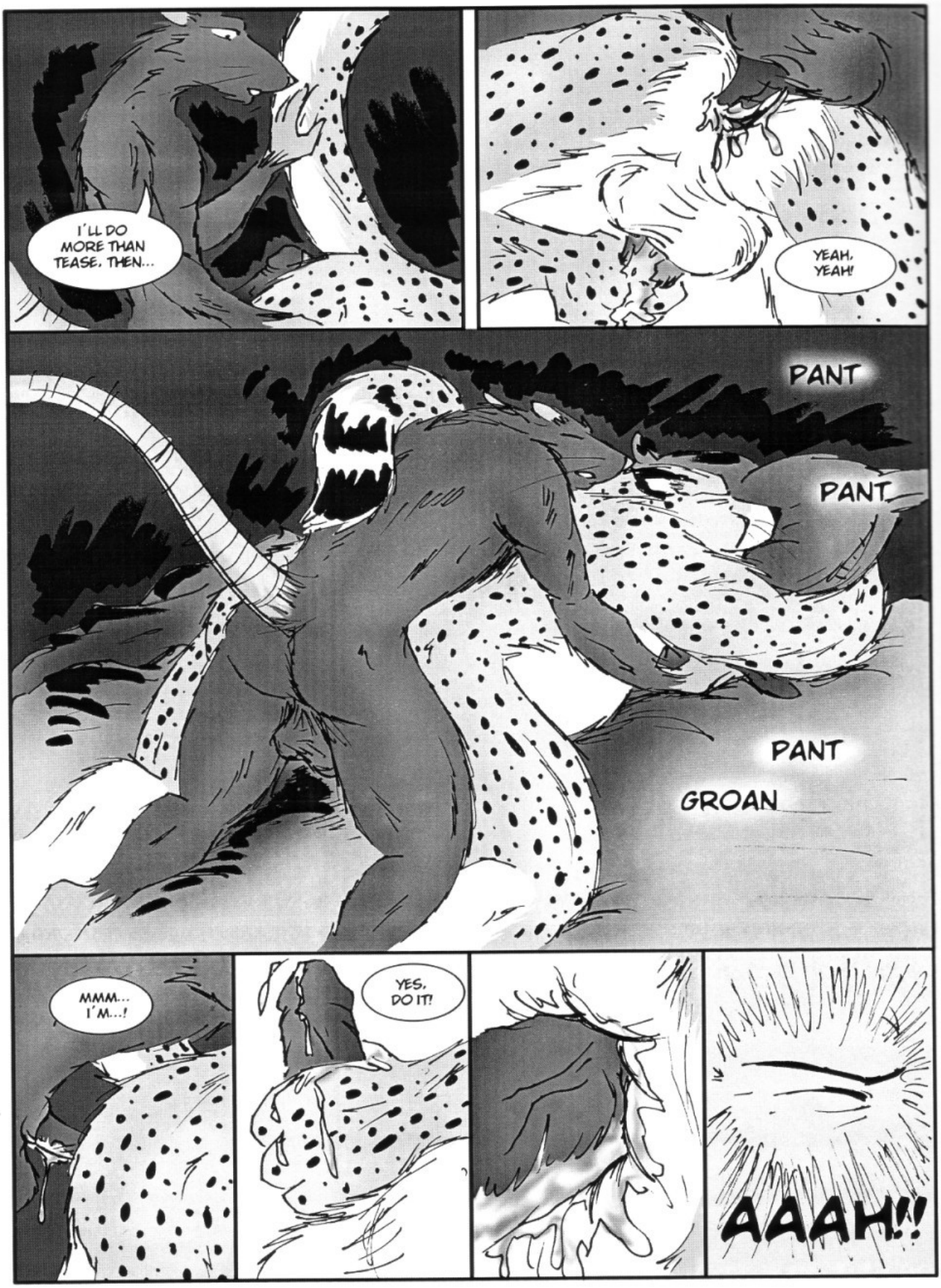

OOOOH..!
...SO HOT!

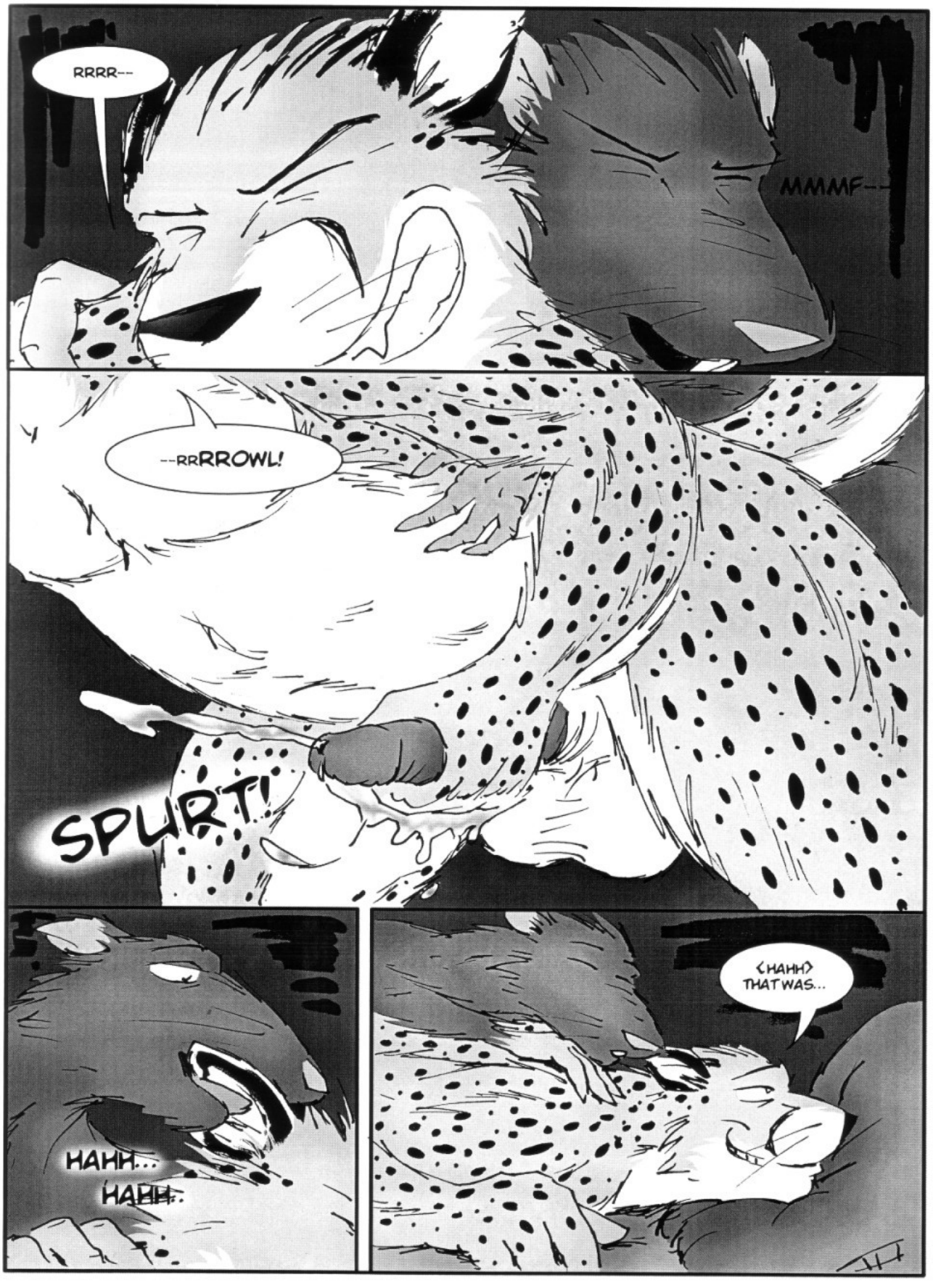

MOAN!
PANT!
MOAN!
GRUNT!
IT'S...
SO...
AH... AH...
YEAH...
THAT'S IT...
AAAH!
RRROWL!
SIT UP!

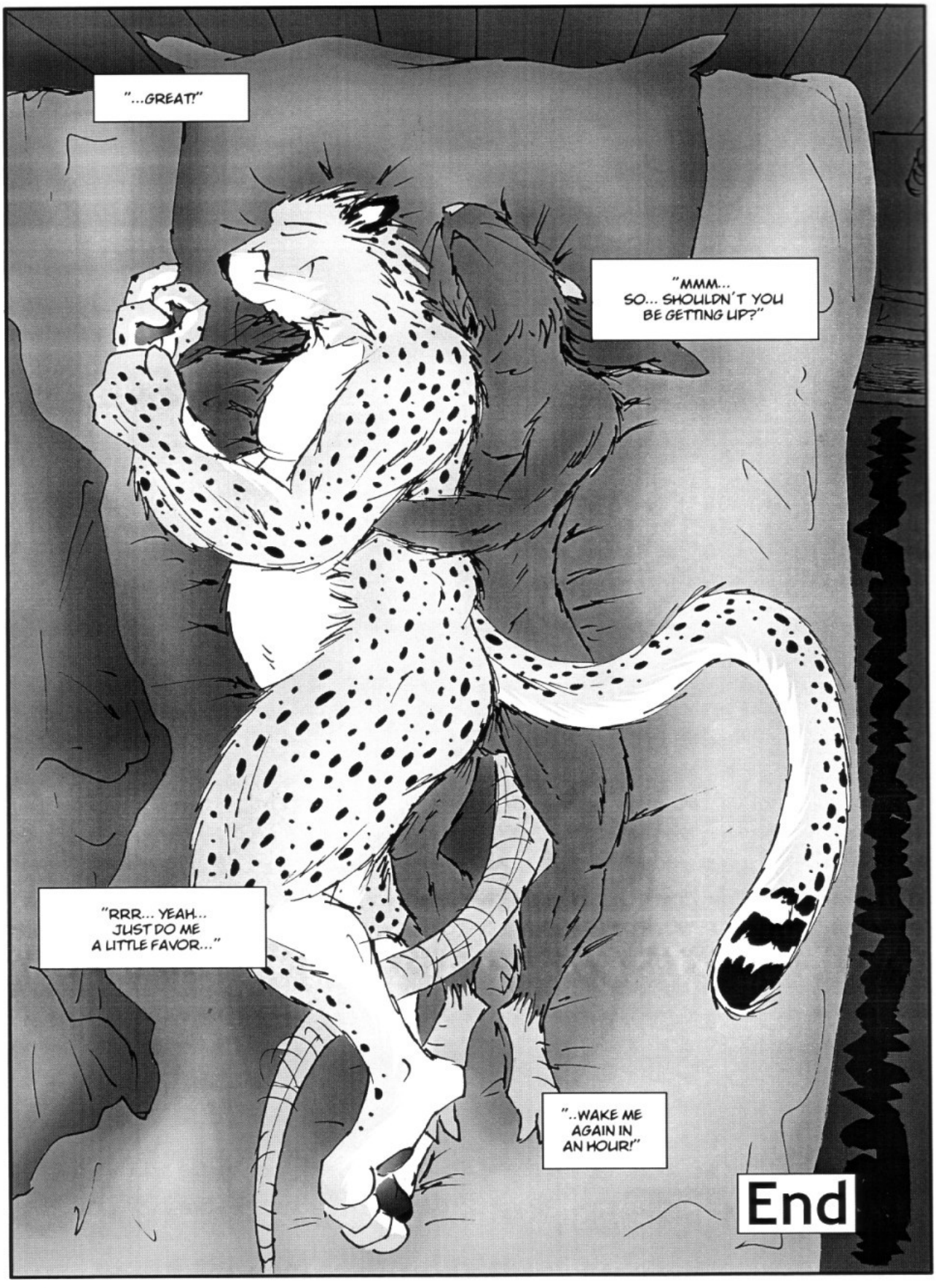



GOT A CASE OF MORNING WOOD. HUH?
IT WOULD BE. IF IT WERE MORNING...
WELL. I GOT SOME FUEL FOR YOUR FIREPLACE... ROLL OVER.


LICK!
RRRR... AAH... THAT'S GOOD...
OH... OH... YOU'RE JUST TEASING ME...


I'LL DO MORE THAN TEASE, THEN...
YEAH, YEAH!
PANT
PANT
PANT
GROAN
MMM... I'M...!
YES, DO IT!
AAAH!!


RRRR--
MMMF--
--RRROWL!
SPURT!
HAHH...
HAHH...
(HAHH) THAT WAS...


"...GREAT!"
"MMM... SO... SHOULDN'T YOU BE GETTING UP?"
"RRR... YEAH... JUST DO ME A LITTLE FAVOR..."
"..WAKE ME AGAIN IN AN HOUR!"
End

Monika Livingstone
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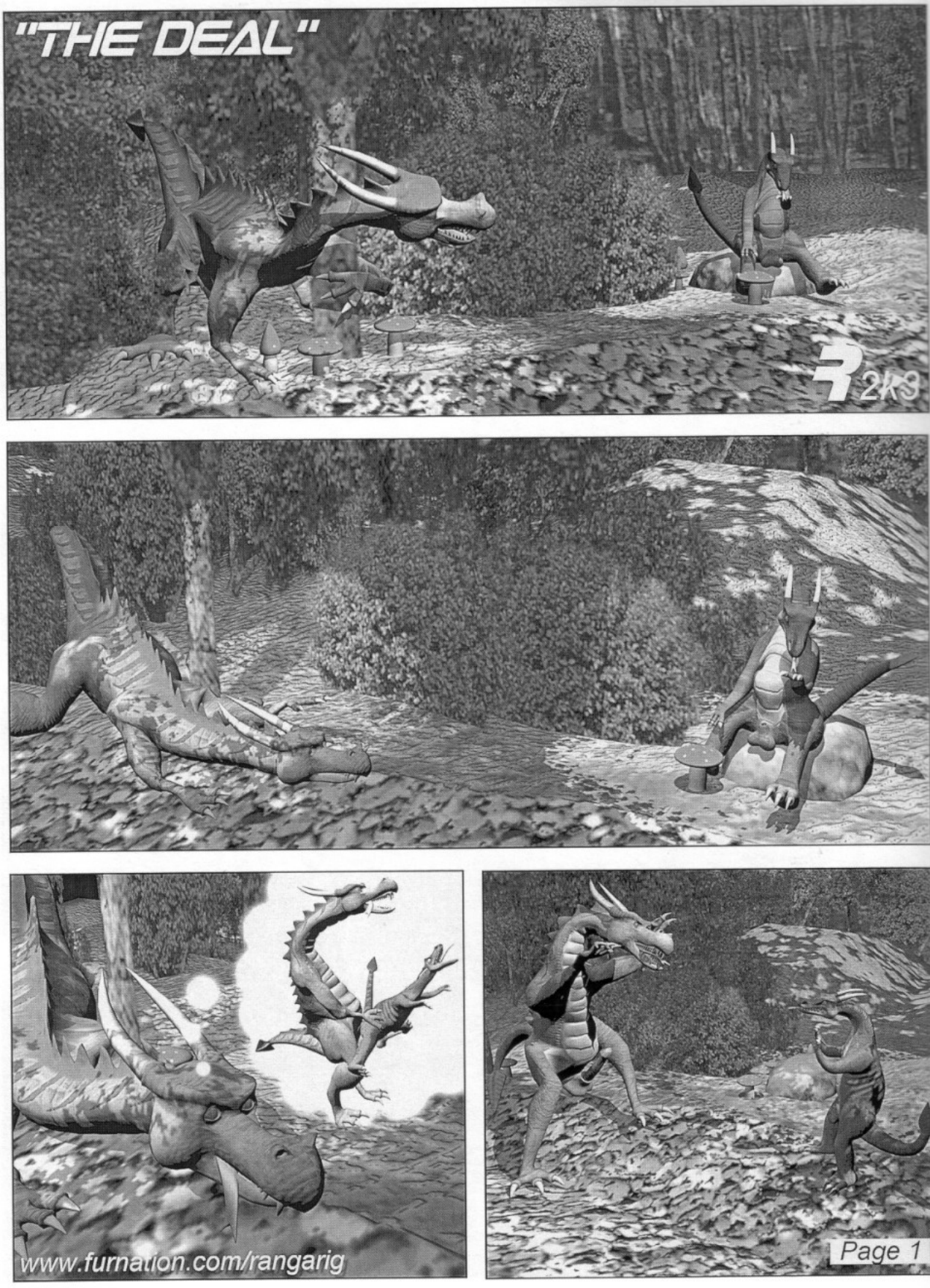
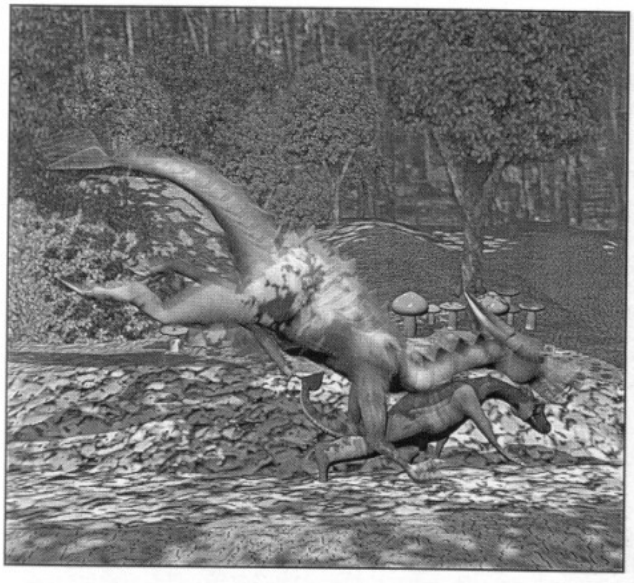
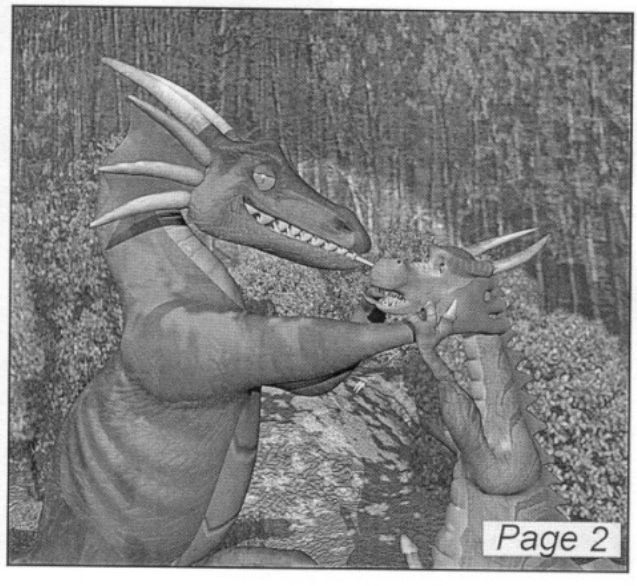
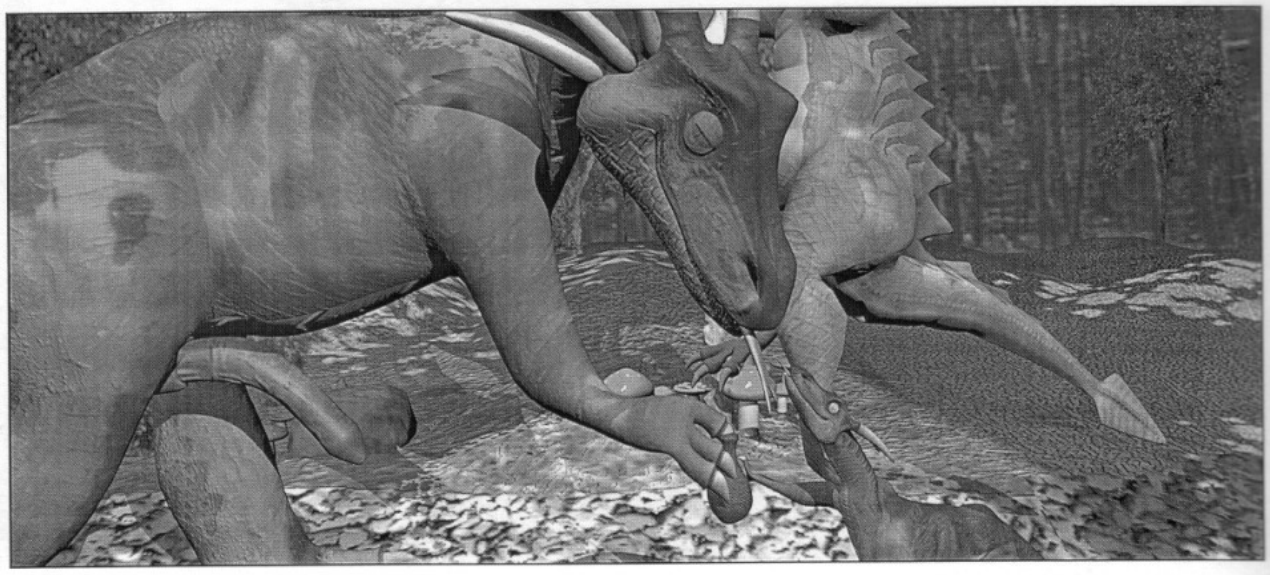
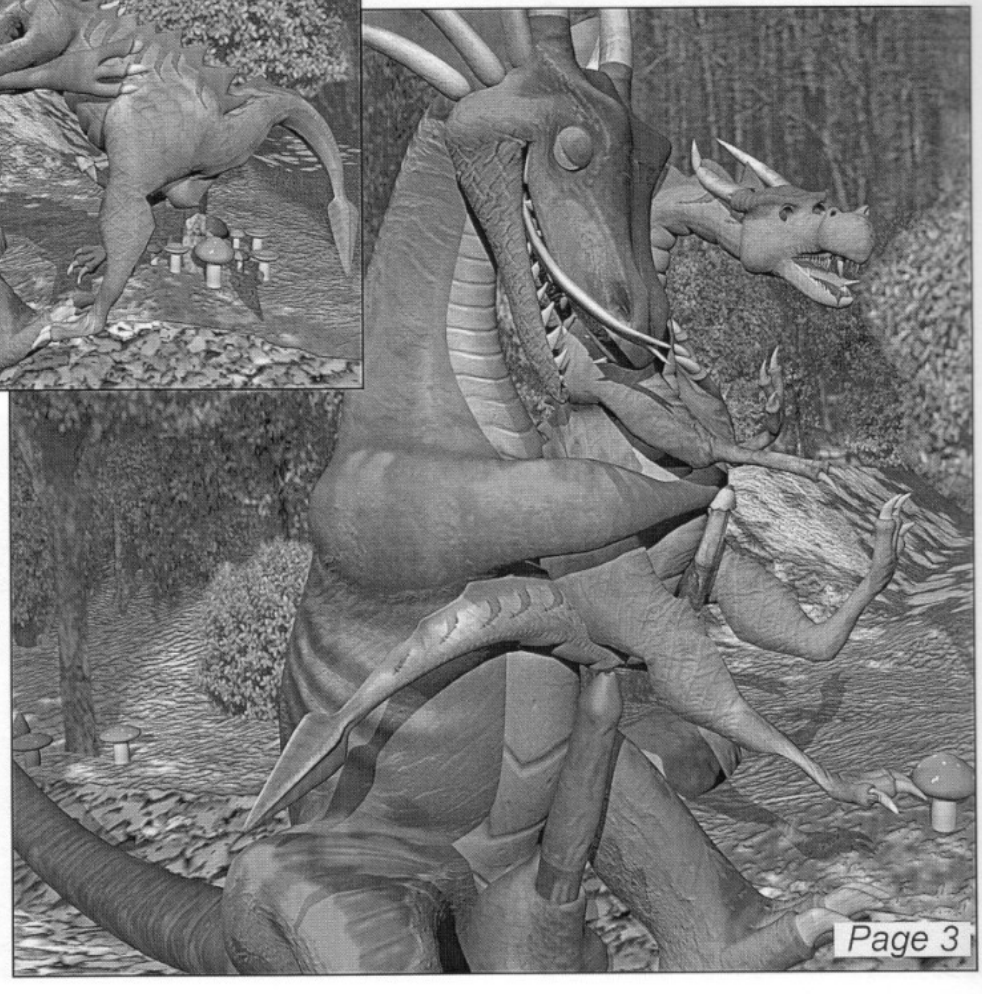
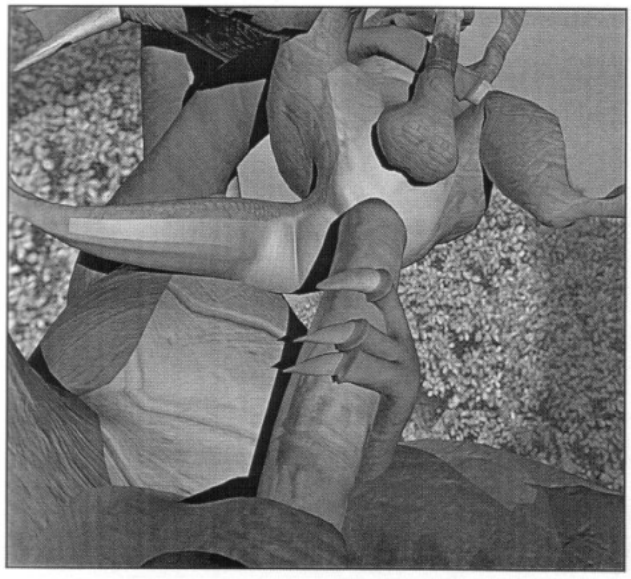

"THE DEAL"
2k3
www.furnation.com/rangarig
Page 1

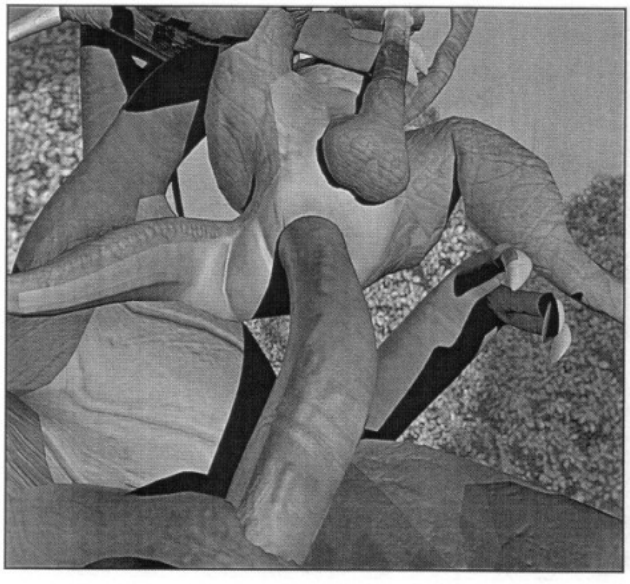


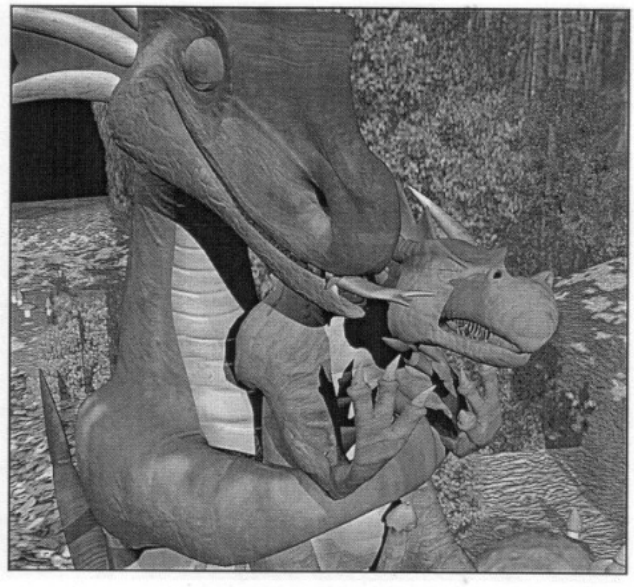


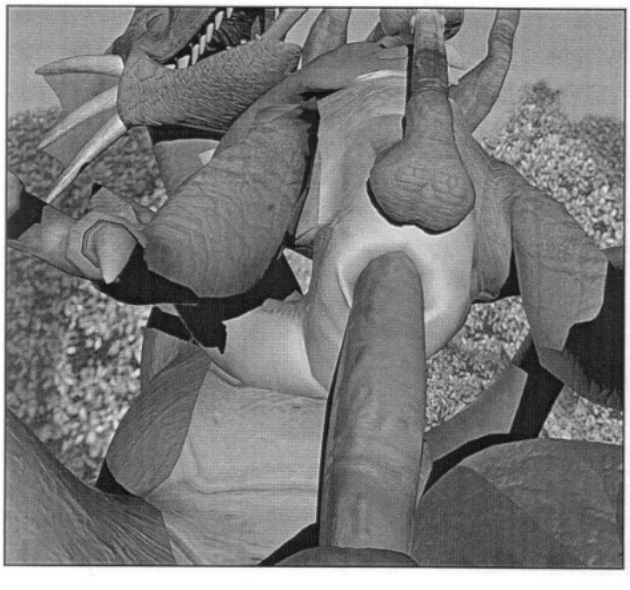


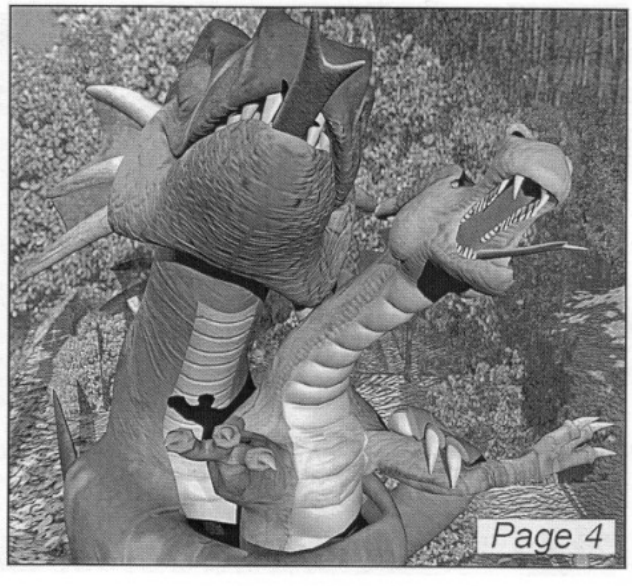


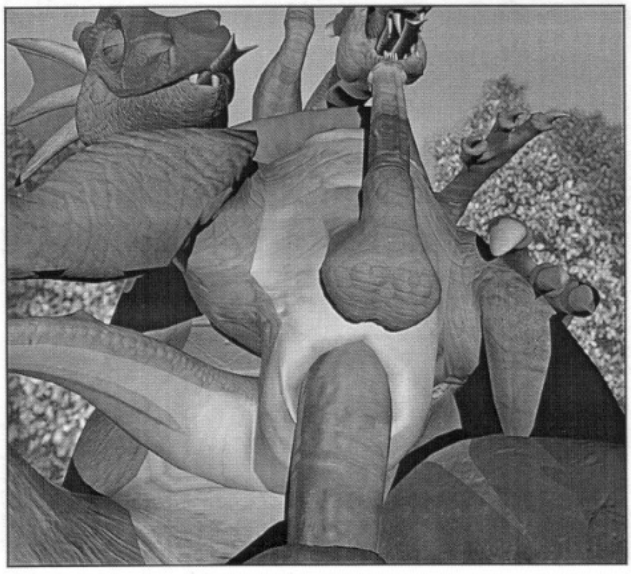


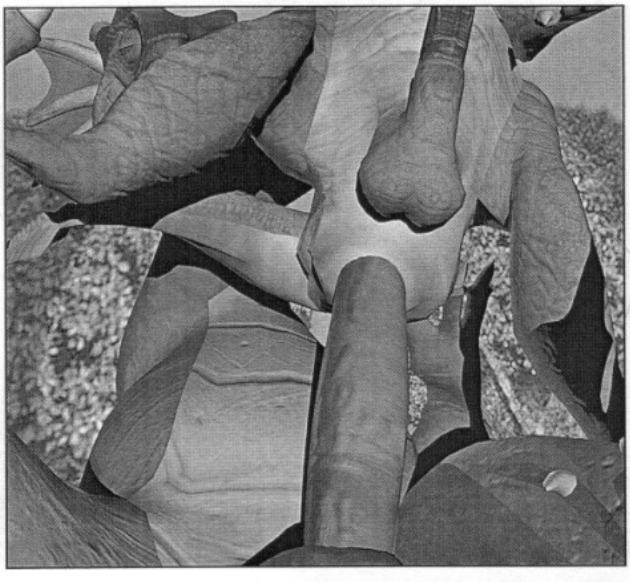


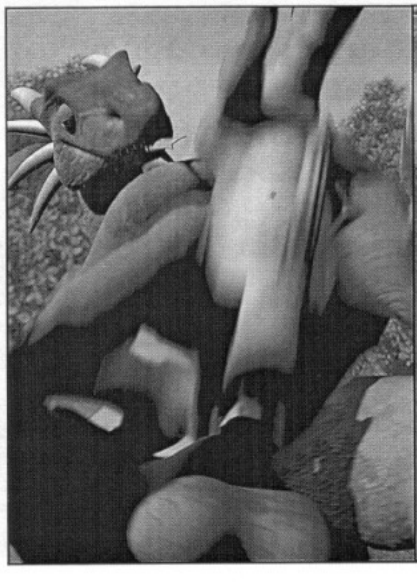


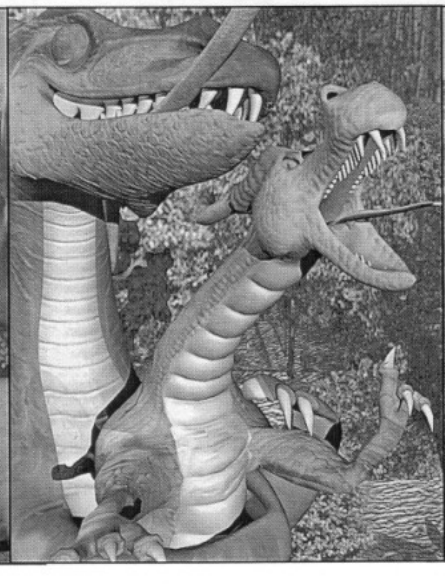


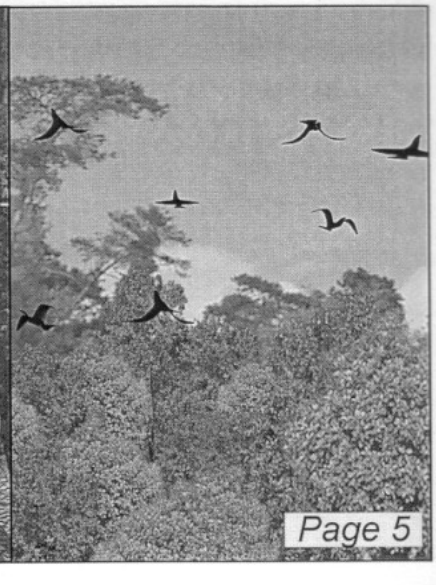

Page 4

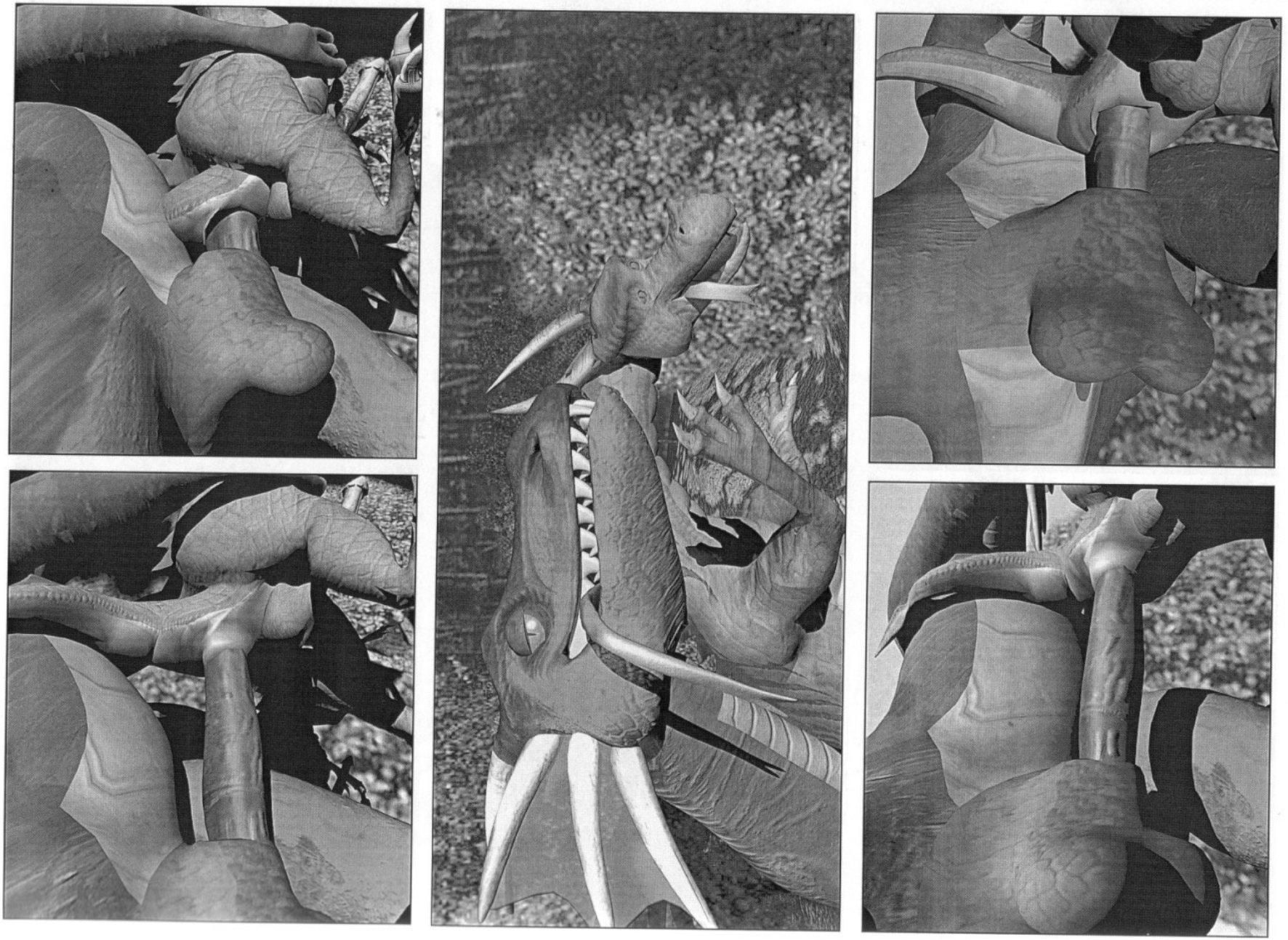


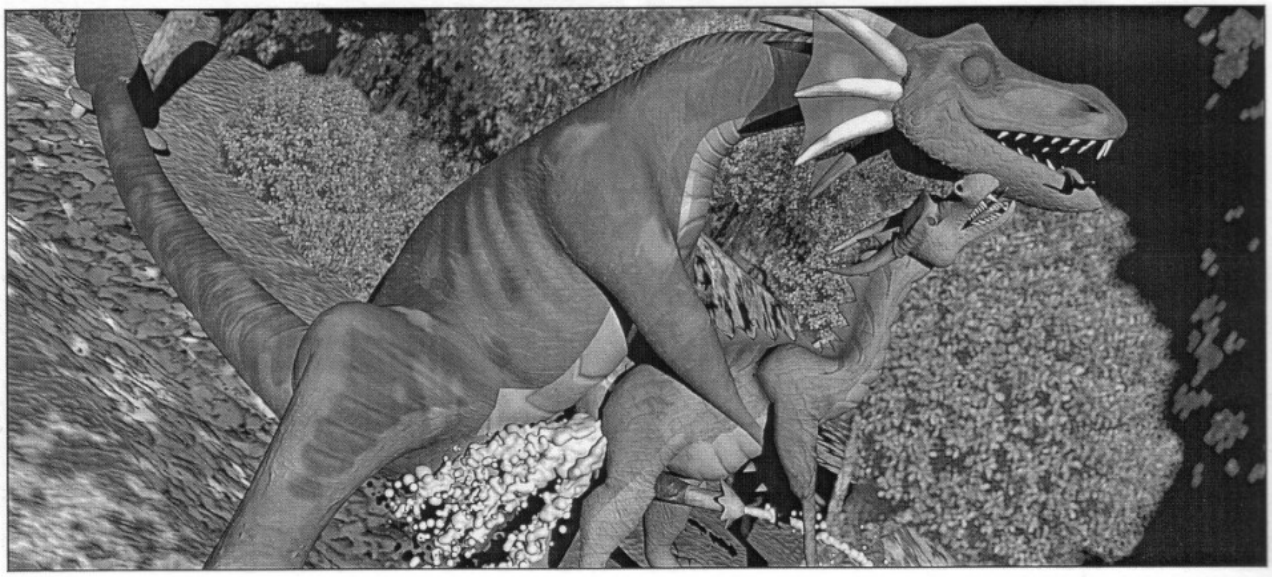


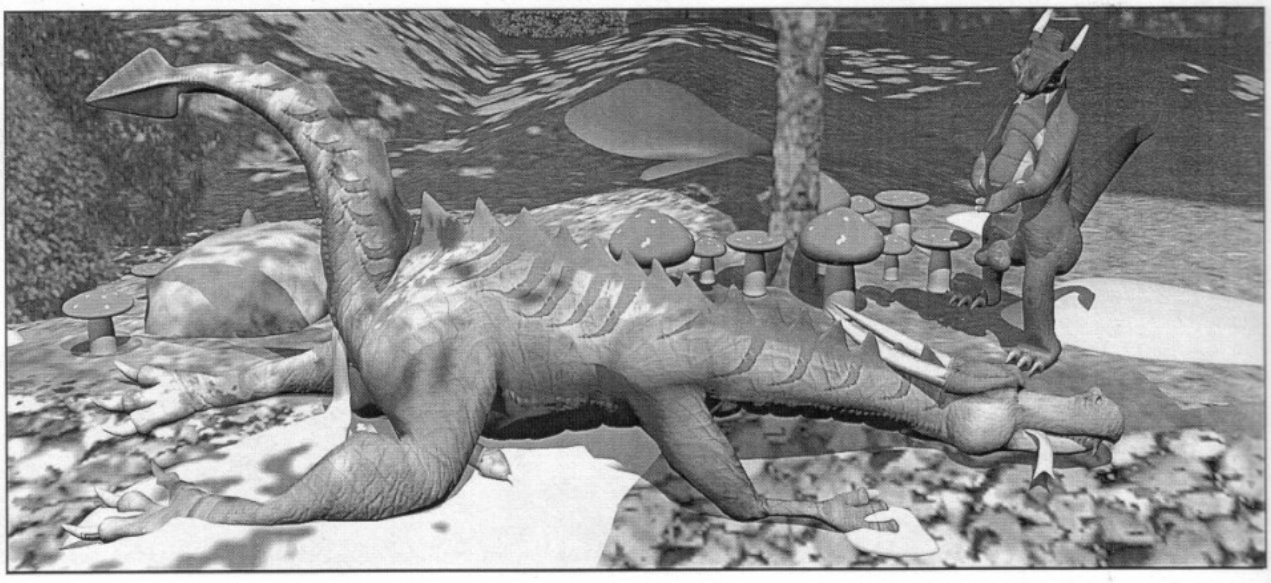


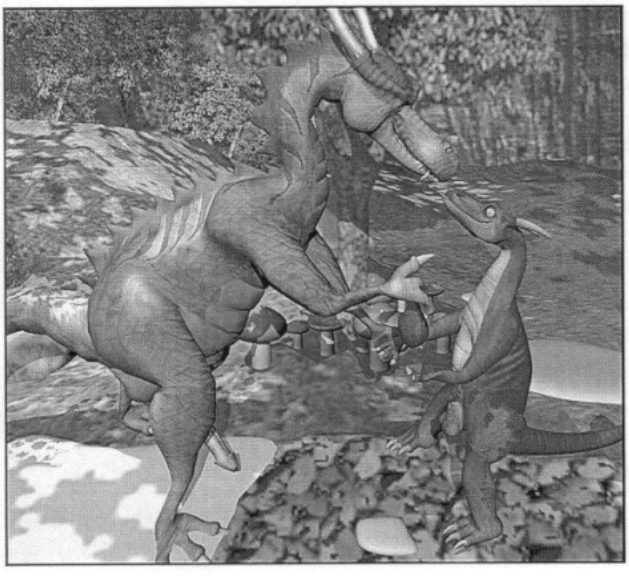












THE END

Monika Livingstone

Fantastic Desires
37
WRITTEN BY:
CHRISTOPHER BAIR
ART BY:
KEE
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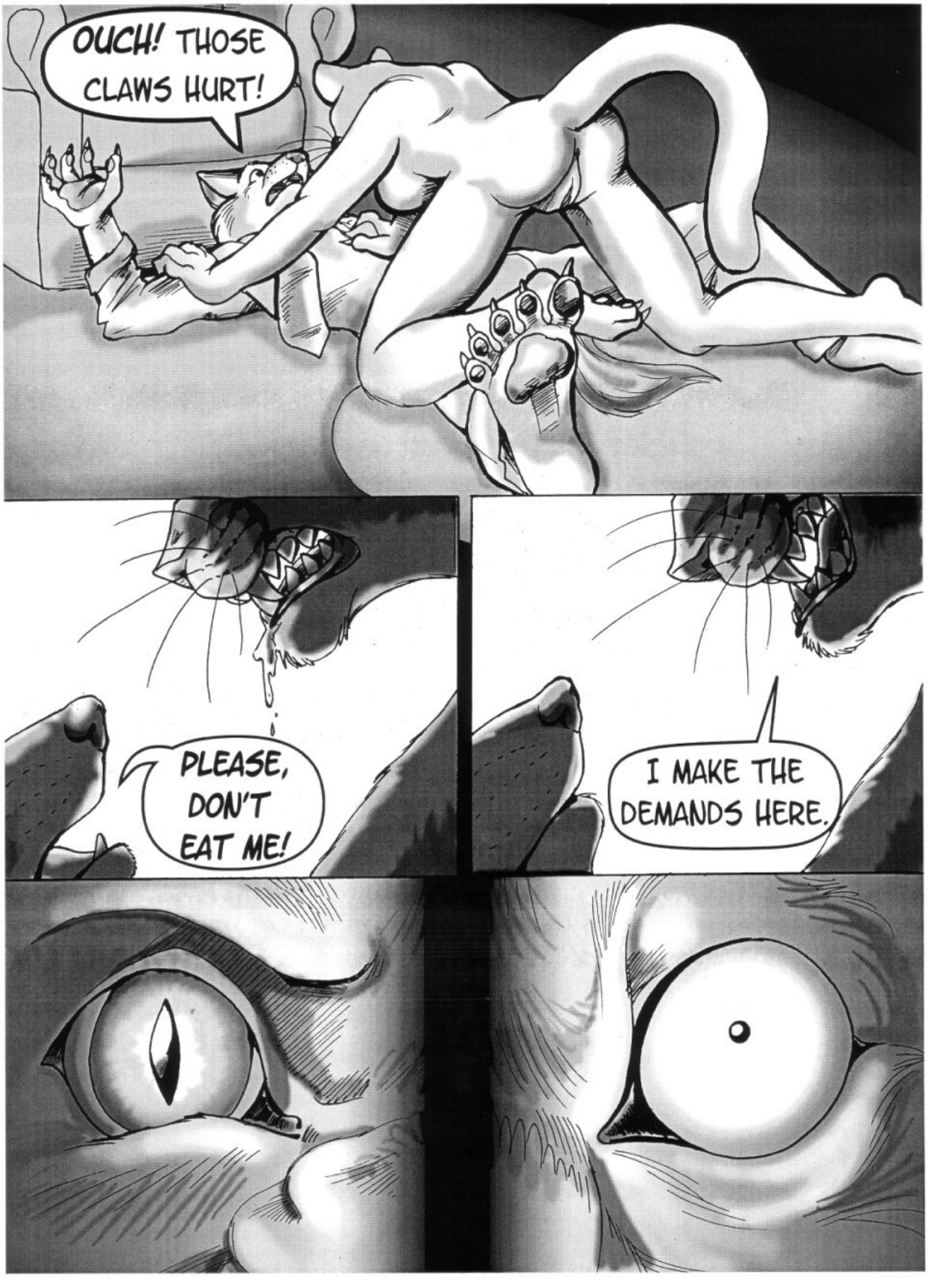
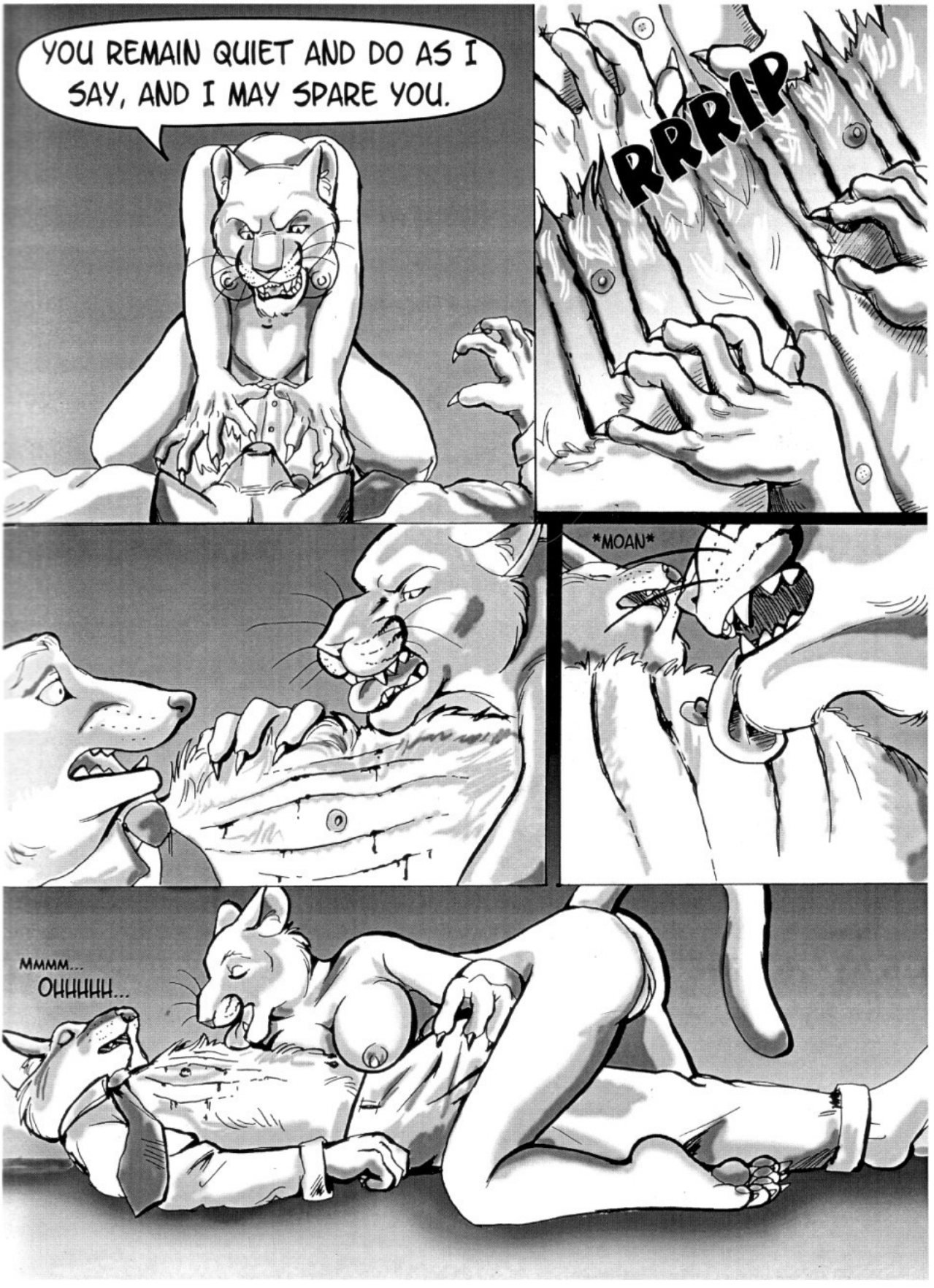
ACK!
HELP!!!


OUCH! THOSE CLAWS HURT!
PLEASE, DON'T EAT ME!
I MAKE THE DEMANDS HERE.


YOU REMAIN QUIET AND DO AS I SAY, AND I MAY SPARE YOU.
RRRIP
MOAN
MMMM...
OHHHHH...

RRRRRRIIP
POP!
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU DESIRE MY CLAWS SOME MORE.
NO, PLEASE, IT HURTS TOO MUCH...
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHH...

MMMMM...
OH, YES
AHH!
MOAN
JIM...
SHANNON...
MMMMMM..
I CAN'T...
HOLD IT BACK..

GRRAAAAAAAAAAH!
I'M READY..
HOWL
WAS THAT WHAT YOU EXPECTED?
THAT WAS WONDERFUL...

WAS YOUR FANTASY OF HAVING A CAT MAUL YOU WHAT YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE?
JUST LIKE HOW I DESCRIBED...
I'LL GO GET THIS CLEANED AND GET DINNER STARTED. YOU TEND TO YOUR WOUNDS.
I NEED TO GET THESE CONTACTS OUT, TOO. THEY REALLY IRRITATE MY EYES.
PANT PANT
THANK YOU, MY LOVE.
end

Western Mobility

by

Christopher Bair

Madras pulled the reins tight, his steed sidestepping as it came to a stop. His legion came to a halt in short steps behind him, their horses and feet resting in a wash. He raised his clawed hand, then pointed off toward his left. A small detachment of his troops started that way, the rest waiting in eagerness.

His hand dropped down to his lap, his perked ears rotating in short arcs, listening intently. The detachment had already disappeared into the nearby woods, taking their position, ready to be called. Gently whipping the reins, he started off at a trot, pulling toward the edge of the trail and into the woods to his right, where a slightly worn path lay.

Behind him his league followed, their steps almost timed perfectly to reduce their noise, and, to any nearby foes, their numbers. They emerged into a large clearing, nearly three hundred strides across, leading to a decline just at the edge of their vision.

They continued toward the shallow hill, the lead of the tower roofs coming into view just over the crest of grass. Madras halted again, and dismounted from his horse, his squire quick to catch the reins and hold his mount.

He and his adjutant stood ahead of the soldiers, looking down at the castle before them. Western Treemont Castle, a majestic stone town built on the mouth of the Westbury River, housed several hundred citizens, all under the protection of Laird Worther.

The lesser nobleman had conquered most of the surrounding lands in less than twelve seasons, securing Western Treemont and standing guard over any traffic on the Westbury. Madras, knight and leader of the western army, stood with his arms crossed as the winds picked up, taking in the castle, its shining roofs in the late afternoon sun, its gentle yet dingy waters of its moat, the smell of bakers and brewers, the sounds of woodwards in the distance clearing more room to the east.

Madras had taken the task not only to lead an army to secure the castle, but to see whether his mate still lived in Treemont. The two, separated since he had been called to battle, had resided in Treemont before it was captured. Madras gave a gentle sigh, remembering their intimate moments together, hoping she was still alive since he had not heard from her since the castle fell.

"Messenger," Madras called, his attention still forward. He waited as the sounds of young footsteps hustled to stand just behind him. "Serve them notice."

The messenger, a young leopard, dark flowing fur over his slightly muscular body,

rushed down the decline, toward the gatehouse. An elder hayward near the entrance noticed the movement and immediately called to attention the porter, guarding the gatehouse.

"Fortify here. Start work on a belfry over there," pointing to a level area just a few dozen strides to his right. Madras's archers would have a better angle to guard the castle during the besieging atop the wooden tower, once built. A bustle of action rose behind him, the din of soldiers and workers establishing their residence, perhaps for the next few seasons.

Madras watched as the messenger reached the drawbridge, the porter escorting him inside. The castle would fall, or the monarch would lose his power with the rest of the lands.

The messenger returned shortly after nightfall, a new document in his hand. Watchmen escorted him past the crude, temporary walls to Madras's tent. Inside, the lion warrior lay, wearing just his hose, across a makeshift bed of cloths. He looked across the tent, over the two lanterns, and offered the document.

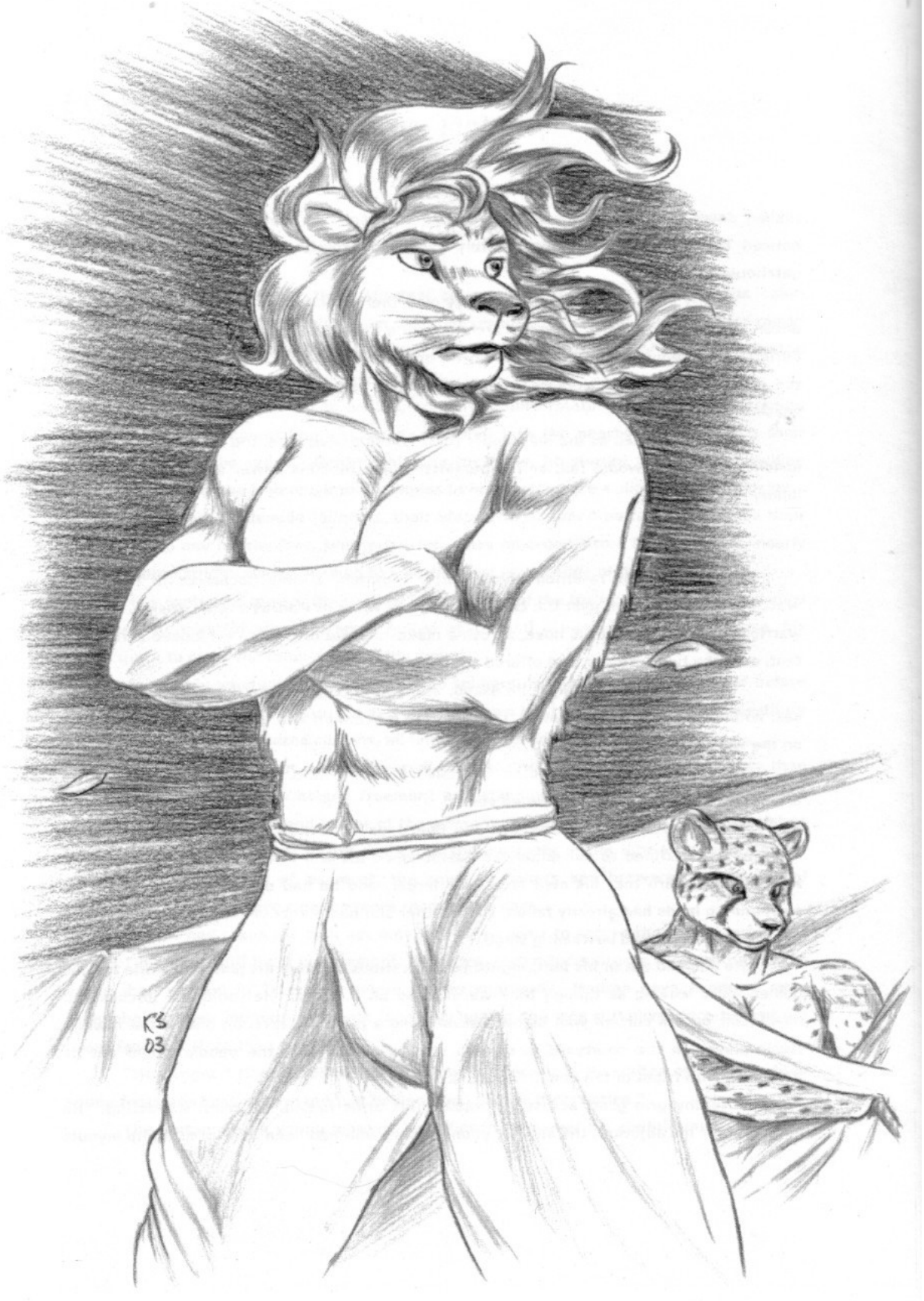
"Did they treat you fair?" he asked, standing, accepting the decree. He broke the seal without waiting for an answer, unrolling the parchment and turning so the light shone on the words.

After a few beats of reading, he rolled it into a tube. "You may go, cub." The messenger departed after a hastened *yessir*.

Madras tossed the notice onto his bed, looking toward the opening of the tent. Worther had declined to surrender, and established his will to defend against all sieges. Madras was aware that his own army was larger, and he had ensured that some of the surrounding lands had already fallen, but Worther still had plenty of supplies and defenders to prolong a direct and sustaining siege.

He stepped out of his tent, nighttime brisk winds stroking his platinum white fur, his golden locks waving as though they were a flag on a tower. He could see torches and movement on the curtain wall below, establishing a pitch cauldron on one of the towers. Music played in the courtyard, a sign to Madras's army that the people would not be paralyzed with fright of the imminent battle.

A toothy grin grew across his muzzle, his arms folded, his mind wandering. He motioned for his adjutant, the slightly younger lion, who had been busy drafting up layouts


KS
03

of the castle defenses below.

"Sir?" he inquired, still in full uniform, his mane kept short, as a sign of respect to Madras. The latter turned his attention back to the castle for a moment.

"How established is that keep, do you figure?"

"Sir, I believe they'd hold that fairly well. Word was that the previous lord reinforced the lands underneath it to keep it from mining."

"So they'd fall back easily to the keep if we overpowered them, then?"

"Sir, I'd say it would be a certainty. It would be better for us to besiege the castle, wait them out. They have only three seasons, at most, of rations and supplies. We have reinforcements and supplies coming in a fortnight."

Madras nodded, finally looking back to his advisor. "We'll need to get in there soon, then. The King would not be too pleased if we had to wait out our greatest rebel for seasons."

"Sir, it will be done." With that, he went back to his planning, modifying some of his details for a faster breach. Madras continued watching the torches in the distance, listening to the sounds of the castle, living resistance within cold stone.

At the end of the third fortnight, an older messenger, covered by several crossbowmen at the turrets surrounding the gatehouse, rode up the incline toward Madras's camp. Two bowmen stationed behind pavisses tracked the steed as it slowed to a trot, heading into the center of the camp. A page walked up to catch the reins, and aided the messenger to his feet.

The albino tiger, perhaps in his late forties, cautiously walked toward where Madras stood, wearing only his hose, by a series of tables and chairs, currently in use for planning better fortifications. Three pikemen guarded the white lion, leaving the messenger to stand across a badly mocked wooden table.

"Laird Worther requests your presence in the evening for a truce." He carefully pulled a string on his belt and let a small pouch fall into his other hand. This he offered across the table to the menacingly large feline.

Madras accepted it, and nodded to the messenger. "He shall have his meeting, provided that he include full safe passage to whomever I send to meet him. He must also keep all his men to the curtains and away from the towers."

"I can make no promises, yet I will deliver your requests."

The messenger turned and walked back to his horse. He was followed closely by the pikemen, keeping their steps in time with the tiger. Madras opened the pouch, loosening the string around its neck.

"So," he said to himself, "she does still live here."

Bonfires and torches lit their way, fires crackling and sizzling with warmth and luminescence. Scores of soldiers and young males with makeshift weapons and armor stood in a semicircle, all surrounding a stone banquet table. Laird Worther, his plate mail glittering in the golden ambers of the flames, sat on an ornate throne. His tiger stripes showed only on his face, the remainder of his body completely covered. To his left sat his lady, a dark, purplish furred panther, perhaps from farther east of the main land.

Madras's men, still a minority of his troops, finished the circle of troops, while three powerful lions took seats across the long table from Worther. Pages from the castle were quick to stand at their sides for any requests they would have.

"I do not see Madras," Worther announced, claws tapping in succession against the wood, obviously perturbed. He stared harrowing eyes at each of the three lions across the banquet table, his composure sure but his voice a bit shaken.

The middle of the three spoke, "He did not see a reason to be here tonight, Laird. We act in his presence and what you say and agree will be perfectly reiterated to Madras."

"My request was to have Madras here tonight. That is reason enough for him to show his presence to me."

"Laird, we are as equals to Madras tonight. What is it that you have our presence, or Madras's, this evening?"

Worther rose quickly, hands grasping either side of the table before him, his tail flinching across the stone beneath his feet. "I demand Madras's presence, here and now!" He threw his attention to one of his soldiers standing just out of arm's reach, and growled further, "Is he anywhere in sight outside the castle?"

The soldier quickly left toward the gatehouse, where two watchmen had been stationed. Worther returned his gaze to the three lions across the table.

"As for you three, what authority have you over Madras's men?"

"The same," the middle one stated again, the apparent speaker for the three. "We command as though we were Madras himself. As you may understand, at this point in the besiegement it would be dangerous for him to be in your castle."

"I have not provoked his men nor he himself. Why would he feel he were in danger?"

"Laird, I'm sure you can under–"

"NO!" he shouted, picking up the table and tossing it toward Madras's men, those who could scattered to avoid the furniture, and a few caught it, forcing them a few steps back to stop its momentum. The three lions were quick to their feet, swords now drawn.

"I am placing you all in our custody until Madras can show himself." With that command, the small band of soldiers saw scores more soldiers, mostly townspeople, arrive with pikes, bows and short swords.

Maiden Pardwall walked down the hallway, the wide corridor whose only luminesce this late at night were the short torches lit on the inner wall. She paced in circles around the third level of the keep, her light fabric gown cut just above her ankles, her tan fur kept short and her claws retracted.

She had hoped her message to Madras had arrived safely, and he would understand its meaning. Crossing her arms just below her busts, she continued striding through the hall, the chill of the evening air breezing through the window slits on each of the four sides. She reached her door, partially opened already, and entered sullenly.

"Pardwall," came a voice from across the dark. The light from the hallway could not reach her room, leaving her to have to feel her way to her bed. The laird had refused her any candles or lanterns tonight, needing them for the guards at the truce ceremony.

"Who's here?" she questioned, taking a step back into the hallway, unsure of her own safety. A powerful claw reached out and grabbed her arm, tugging her into the darkness again, twisting her around so he could hold her muzzle with his other hand.

"Pardwall, 'tis Madras." With that, he felt her tension relax, so he released her entirely. She turned, placing hands on his face, blistery pads feeling down his muzzle, to his neck, his broad shoulders, and onto the padded leather armored chest. She felt his arms clasp around her, holding her close, her ear flat against his padding, listening as his heart beat.

"My message arrived safely?" She ran fingers down his side, hand reaching around to the small of his back, then down to gently touch the base of his tail. He held her tight for a bit longer, then released her.

"We should be safe here, I would think. My men are ready to take out Worther

tonight."

He placed the necklace, held in the pouch on his belt, around her neck, letting her hands feel it again. She then leaned close, nuzzling her cheek up under his chin, to the side of his neck, and down to his shoulder, which was a bit more comfortable for her shorter height. He ran hands down her sides, then around her back.

"Shall we leave?" she asked, a low purring emanating from her chest. He rubbed his check against one of her ears, a hand roaming lower to her tail.

"No," he quietly whispered, breath tickling the fine hairs of her ear, "I have asked that my men come get us when they have retaken the castle."

"Are you certain that it can be done?"

He licked at her whiskers, causing her to giggle under his muzzle. He smiled, claws raking gently across her rump. She continued purring as he continued remembering her body.

"I have plenty of men, good men, who were well prepared for tonight."

She nodded, then reached for the ties of his armor, tugging on them to loosen them. He raised his arms to aid her, still licking at her face. After a few attempts, she managed to undo one side of his armor, and felt to the other side.

His hands roamed her hips and sides, his tongue gently touching her muzzle, his breath hot against her cheek. She loosened the other side of his armor and helped pull it off him. Dropping it to the floor, she roamed her hands over his furry chest.

Madras gripped her gown and pulled it over her head, her arms now straight in the air to aid him in removing her clothing. He dropped it to the side, tongue roaming her neck, while her hands removed his belt and lower straps.

Soon they were nude, together, skin against skin, fur against fur, their warmth pooling around them, their hearts beating in rhythm. She felt his member grow from its sheath as she roamed his chest with her tongue, her hands clenching his hindquarters. Unable to wait, he picked her up into his arms and carefully stepped toward the bed.

The clash began after one of Madras's men flung his sword well over the outer curtain, the sign for their attack. The remainder of his men rushed down the hillside, charging over the bridge without a counter. They met with the skirmish, weapons drawn, attacking Worther's men.

Seeing his men's imminent overpowering, Worther retreated, taking with him two of

his closest guards. The rest of his army closed off the route to the Laird, battling back the force surging into the castle.

"Fall back!" he exclaimed, heading toward his keep. Several townspeople shut their dwellings, holing up inside. He knew his control of the castle was falling, and his life jeopardized.

An arrow caught him on his thigh, between the plates, cutting one of the straps. He howled in pain, falling to his other knee, while one of his soldiers helped him regain his stance. He hobbled, but managed while shifting his weight to his soldier.

"Get us back to the keep," he said, limping on the leg, "and make sure we kill all of them we can."

Pardwall lay on her front, clenching the sheets, sweat slicking her fur, her mouth agape and her tongue slightly curled. The weight of Madras above her pinned her body down, his hips grinding down onto hers. His erection pounded within her, moons of separation flaring up in violent passion between them.

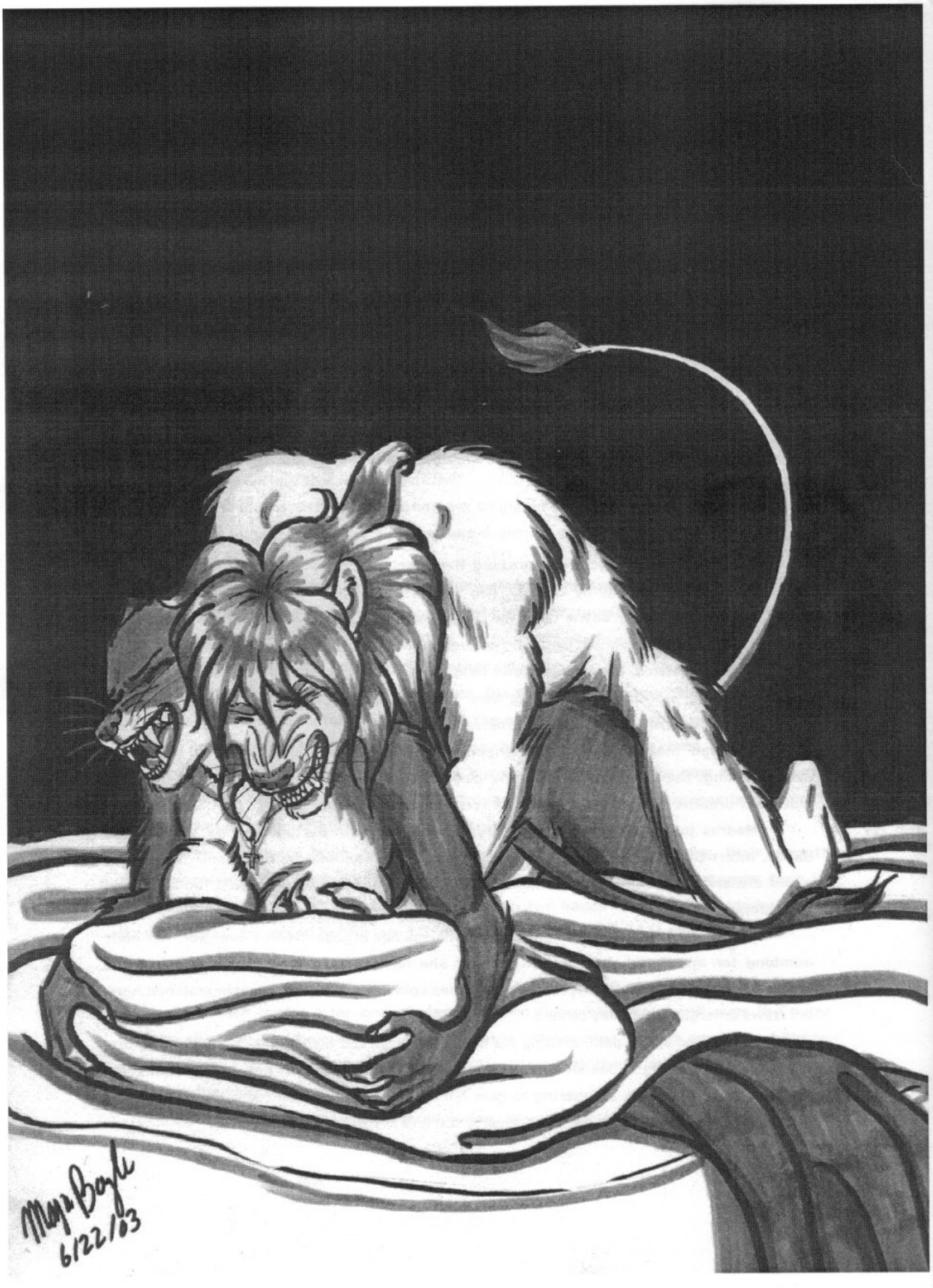
Madras growled, his massive jaws next to Pardwall's cheek. He pressed the rhythm faster, pumping, wanting her, needing her. His tail twitched as the pressure in his groin built, wet sounds from their fluids reverberating in the room.

Pardwall moaned, her walls gripping around his heat, the scent of her lover overwhelming, the pain wonderful. She closed her eyes, rubbing her cheek against her mate, her breaths labored as she became overwhelmed with their sex.

Madras pushed harder, moving Pardwall's body with his power. He grasped her hands, intertwining their fingers, holding them against the wall before them. The whole world dissolved, leaving just two lions in the throws of their own passion, both nearing their climax.

Pardwall felt Madras's weight push on her as her orgasm flowed over her, her body numbing for a moment, her breath halted. She felt tears from her eyes as her claws emerged from their sheaths, her fingers and toes splaying. Madras's orgasm matched hers, his claws emerging, his body tensed.

He howled out in pain, arching his back. Pardwall felt his weight crushing her more, yelping in pain, trying to see what was happening. Madras rolled off her, his penis slipping soddenly from her loins, staggering to gain his footing. She noticed for the first time that there was a lantern in the room now, several soldiers surrounding the bed.


Maya Boyle
6/22/03

"Madras?" she cried out, noticing the disturbance, Worther, injured and bleeding, leaping onto Madras's back, plunging the knife deeper into his ribs. They fell to the ground, Worther pressing the full weight of his body onto the hilt of the knife, while Madras tried to stand, struggling to lift the heavy tiger above him.

Pardwall felt the hands grab her, tug her off the bed, and hold her close to one of the soldiers, her attention never leaving her lover. The necklace lay between her breasts, warm from under her body, glinting in the lantern illumination. She fought, but found that the strength holding her back was overwhelming.

Madras managed to get enough of a momentum to throw Worther off his back, onto the floor beside him. He immediately rose and reached to try to grab the knife in his back, grunting in pain. His fingers grasped at the hilt just as his weight was thrown off, Worther's body crashing back into his. They both tumbled to the ground, the tiger's weight pushing down on the knife.

Madras cried out in pain again, his right arm gone numb and unresponsive. Worther's hand grasped at the handle and pushed in harder, the tip of the knife stabbing against one of Madras's front ribs. Blood flowed down from the wound onto the ground surrounding the lion, his fur caking from the blood already thick on his back.

Pardwall felt her restrainers release her, looking back to see several lions in leather armor make quick work of her captors. They were soon on Worther, dragging him off and holding his arms.

Madras wetly coughed, then spit blood onto the ground beneath him. With a bit of help from another lion, he managed to stand, though rested his weight on the shoulder of the other warrior. Pardwall walked to his other side, quickly, eyeing the weapon lodged just below his shoulder blade.

"Take him to the prison and keep two guards on him at all times," Madras stated, then, with help from Pardwall and the remaining soldier, limped to the bed. He lay himself ventrally, his legs off the bed, and grasped a pillow to place under his chin. His right arm, though sore, had some functionality.

The remaining soldiers left with Worther, leaving the two alone. Pardwall crawled up on the bed next to Madras, noticing blood still bleeding from his wound.

"Should I remove it?" she asked, fingers nearing the wound. Madras sucked in air and nodded. She grasped it with both hands, got onto her knees, and yanked it straight up with all her strength.

She nearly fell over from the growl, Madras's claws digging into the bed. He opened

his eyes and looked at her, his eyes looking deep. She grabbed another pillow and placed it over his wound, trying to seep up whatever blood she could.

"We need to get you to the apothecary," she stated, tears starting to well up, knowing that it may have been too late. Madras tried to stand, but his legs buckled and he went back to kneeling against the bed.

"I can't make it there, Pardwall. I'm so sorry."

Tears feel from the sides of her eyes, soaking her cheek fur, while her hands roamed over his upper back and up to his face. His left hand reached up and pinched her religious symbol, rubbing his thumb over its metal, holding it up off her chest.

"Pardwall," he managed, his voice weaker, "saving you was the real reason I took this command. Please don't feel this sacrifice was in vain."

She cried harder, fingers running over his muzzle. His eyes slowly drooped, his hand letting go of her necklace, trailing across her bare breast, down her side, and landing on her thigh.

"Madras," she began through her sobbing, feeling the muscles in his face relax, "please don't die."

His eyes shut gently, his hand going limp on her thigh, his breathing slowing. Barely audible, he managed, "I love you."

She threw herself onto him, hugging him tight to her body, as she felt his spirit slip away, his body dying under her. She remained there for a long time, waiting for her tears to subside.

Finally, she rose off the bed, looking for the knife she yanked and had thrown when his growl had surprised her. The silver glinted in the lantern's light, falling just half into the shadows.

Pardwall picked it up, bringing the blade close to her nose, smelling the scents of her mate, knowing what it had done to him. Her eyes glanced back to his still body, then back to the knife. She looked back one last time, the loss truly hitting her and filling her with loneliness again.

"It shan't be in vain, Love," she said, holding the knife in both hands close to her chest, the metal cold against the heat of her bosom. She walked to the door, the sadness exiting her face, and the mask of hatred overwhelming.

She would make sure of this.

# # #

Note from the Editor

Of my! Did I have loads of fun getting this issue to press! We originally had a slightly different lineup for the magazine, but a few weeks before we went to press one of the artists in the lineup got sick and had to undergo a few minor operations (OUCH!). He is known by his furry name of Preyfar, and his submission will appear in Issue #6 at Anthrocon this year.

I tried an experiment in this issue (I am always pushing the bounds on what looks good and reads well in the magazines) by including a 3D rendered comic by Rangarig. The original comic is in color, and was re-shaded to gray scale for the magazine. I thought the original color version looked so much better that I wanted to find a way to include it in the magazine...

Welcome to the wonderful age of the Internet!

If you want to see the full version in color simply send an email message (put anything in the subject line and message body) to Issue5@FurNation.com. Our auto-responder will reply to you with a secret URL and Username/Password that you can use to see Rangarig's colorized 3D comic on the web. I also included another colorized secret comic from a previous issue for you to gaze at. The Username/Password for the comics will change every few months, so just use the auto-responder to get the new information if you want to see it again in the future.

We now have our online sale site built and working. The URL for it is http://FurPlanet.com. We have everything online that we sell at the conventions.

I would like to thank Tallyhawk and Rackett for their help in the creation of this magazine.

Enjoy this issue. Please look for other great furry stuff online at:

http://FurPlanet.com - (Our FurNation Online Store)
http://www.RabbitValley.com - (Rabbit Valley Publications)
http://www.dragonmagic.net - (Dragon Magic Publications)
http://www.up1.co.uk - (United Publications)

Want to have your work features in the FN Magazine?

We are accepting submissions for future issues of the FurNation Magazine. If you are interested in submitting your original, previously unpublished comics or stories for possible publication, here are some guidelines for you to follow:

Artwork and stories published in the FN Magazine are donated by their creators to help provide the revenue needed to support the FurNation system. The original creators of each work will still own and keep the copyright to their creations. FurNation does not ask, nor expects to have the ultimate copyright transferred on work actually used in the magazine. However, we will retain the right to republish the work (either as reprinted issues of "best of" compilations) and we ask that you refrain from re-printing or otherwise publishing or posting your work for one year from the time it appears in the FurNation Magazine. Even in the case of artwork, we only need the electronic version of the final piece. You can sell the original story boards (as applicable) at anytime.

If you are interested in the complete details, including required formats for the images, number of pages desired, etc., please visit http://Submissions.FurNation.com or contact FurNation Multimedia at: Webmaster@FurNation.com

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http://www.FurNation.com

Worldwide Anthropomorphic Conventions

Alphabetic Listing and Resource Location for More Info

Anthrocon - http://www.anthrocon.org/
Furry convention in Philadelphia. The East Coast's largest.

Canadian Anthro & Cartooning Expo - http://www.c-ace.org/
PG-13 furry convention in Ottawa, Canada.

Conifur Northwest - http://www.conifur.org/
Furry convention in Tacoma (near Seattle).

Eurofurence - http://www.eurofurence.org/
Europe's largest. Samope, Czech Republic.

Feral - http://www.campferal.com/
A furry summer camp in Ontario, Canada.

Further Confusion - http://www.furtherconfusion.org/
Furry convention in San Jose, California.

Mephit Furmeet - http://www.mephitfurmeet.org/
Furry convention in Memphis, Tennessee.

Midwest FurFest - http://www.furfest.org/
Furry convention near Chicago, Illinois.

PawPet Megaplex - http://www.pawpet.org/megaplex/
Puppets, costumes and more in Orlando, Florida.

Rocket City FurMeet - http://narf.wereanimal.net
Furry convention in Huntsville, Alabama.

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